

# EBONY



APRIL 1946 25c

WHAT'S NEW  
IN SPRING HATS

By Mildred Blount

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THE LADY on the telephone wanted to talk to the editor. But the editor wasn't in. So she had her say to the switchboard operator. "That picture of Lena Horne in color on the cover is just like a drink of champagne," she exclaimed with pride.

And so the story went everywhere. EBONY in four colors was a sellout though we had our biggest press run to date.

How come we're back to two colors again this month? The reasons run something like this: 1. There's just one Lena Horne and we couldn't run her every month on the cover; 2. The cost of four colors is prohibitive for a magazine without advertising; 3. Some black and white pictures are far better as photographic attractions than four-color kodachromes.

EBONY'S four-color cover, however, was not a one-time shot. When the editors feel that a kodachrome merits the cover, we'll shoot the works on four colors. However, when our obvious best bet is black and white, like the stunning cover shot this month, we'll stick to the finest.

While on the subject of four colors, we might as well break the news that beginning with next month's May issue, EBONY will run advertising—and in four colors.

You may be sure that we intend to be particular about the character of the "company" we introduce to the privacy of your home or office or study or wherever you enjoy your copy of EBONY. The editors of EBONY are determined that the standards of the advertising in its pages will be up to the merits of its editorial material. You have our promise that our advertisers shall come a-calling with only the best.

Perhaps the choosing will be slim at first. We haven't any idea at present. But we will be selective in rejecting advertisement which are of a doubtful nature. In so doing, we wish to encourage your support of the products advertised in EBONY since income from advertising means your enjoyment of each issue will increase as our editorial department has more funds to bring you the best in photo stores on Negro life.

Typical of what we plan is our sparkling article, "How Joe Louis Spent Two Million Dollars," in the May issue. Example of how the Louis bankroll withered is the tale of his Michigan ranch with Louis enjoying a hilarious time as a cowboy (see above). Here's a yarn that gives new significance to the champ's bout with Conn in June. You won't want to miss it.

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## Cover

MURIEL ANDRADE, who sports the fruit salad on our cover this month, lives in Los Angeles, comes from Boston and has been on dates with heavyweight champ Joe Louis, which naturally gives some Coast columnists a chance to say she may be the next Mrs. Joe Louis. But right now Muriel is interested in making a living out of modeling and she does well at the job. Our cover shot is a product of our favorite funnyman Phil Stern, a Hollywood photog who does free lance work for both Life and Colliers. He is originally a lad from Brooklyn, used his Yiddish in Italy to order a German officer to surrender. The 26-year-old Stern was an Army Signal Corps photog, also a staff photographer for Stars and Stripes. He was wounded three times in the fighting in North Africa, declined the last rites offered by an Army chaplain because he had five more payment to make on his car. Talking of his injuries, Phil said two years ago when he came home: "I got practically a new neck and a whole new hand and here's where I got shot up in the leg. But I don't mind. I got kind of attached to the scars and I'm better off than most. I'll certainly be dream boy for some girl. \$100 a month for life from the government." Dream boy Stern finally found his dream girl several months ago, got married.



EBONY PICTURES: The following is a page-by-page listing of the sources of the photos in this issue. Where several sources are credited, the listing is from left to right, top to bottom.

3—George Pickow from Three Lions	23 to 30—Gordon Parks
4—Alexander Alland	31 to 34—Lucien Aigner from Monkmeier
5—George Pickow from Three Lions, European	35 to 39—Skippy Adelman from Black Star
6, 7—George Pickow from Three Lions	41—Gordon Parks
8 to 12—Skippy Adelman from Black Star	42, 43—Berle Adams
13 to 15—Black Star	44, 45—Flanner House, Mosley, Danster-Cooke
16 to 18—Aeme	46—Mosley
19 to 21—Phil Stern	47 to 50—Phil Stern
22—De Vere, Look	

## COMING IN MAY—Photo Stories On

How Joe Louis Spent Two Million Dollars  
 The Biggest Negro Beauty Parlor In America  
 Georgia's Negro Doctor And White Patients  
 A College Grows In Florida (Bethune-Cookman)



**RARE GET-TOGETHERS** of the Walter White family usually occur around holidays when son Walter comes in from Swarthmore College. Whites have been married 24 years. She is a former NAACP secretary.

## THE WHITE HOUSE Walter White family think he's a model papa although he's home only six months a year

**VIRTUAL** White House of Negro America is a bright, tastefully furnished five-room, 13th-floor apartment at 409 Edgecombe Avenue in New York City. Here lives the dynamic, fighting Walter White and his family.

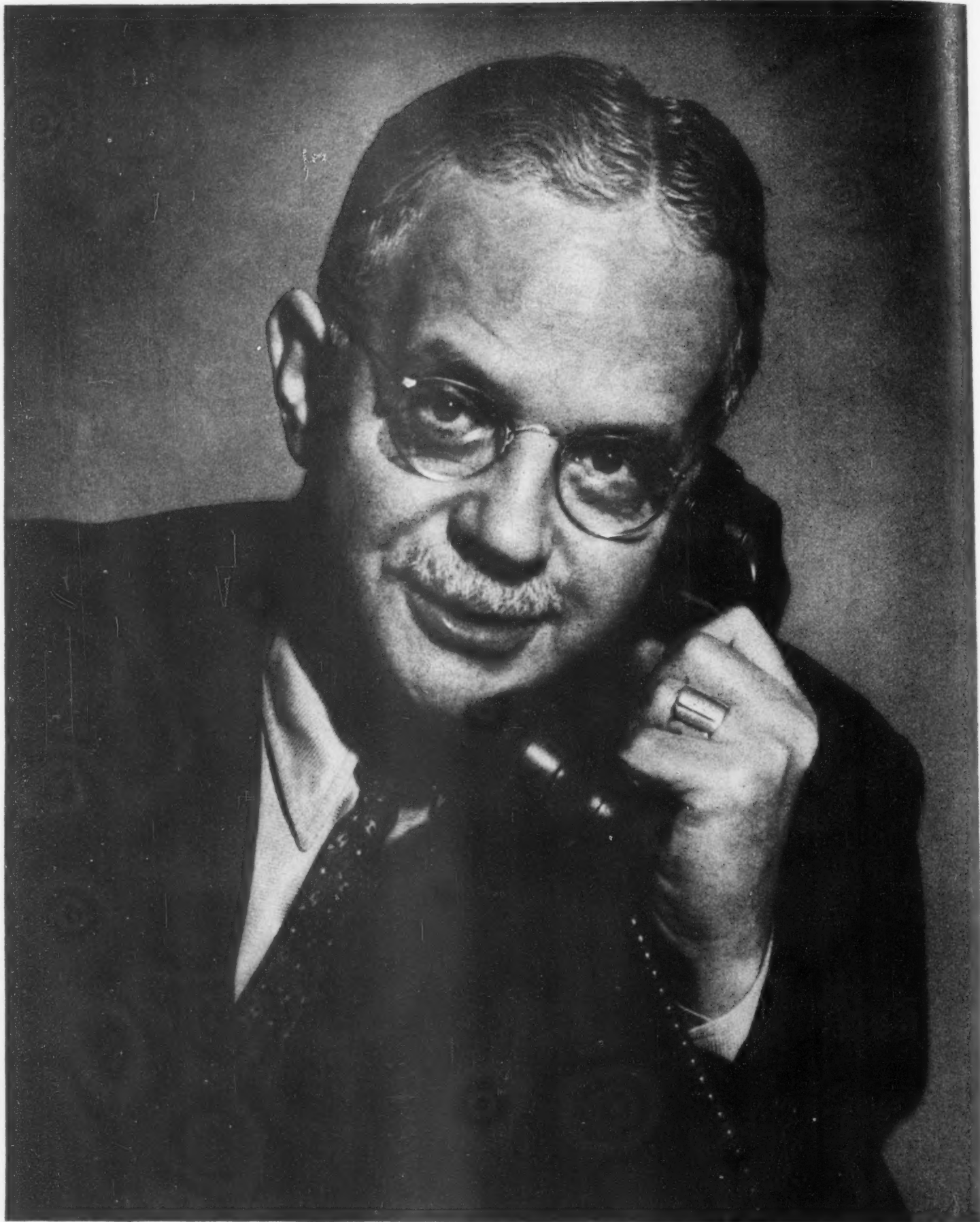
For more than 25 years now, the slight, five-foot-seven "giant killer" has been tilting with the political Mr. Bigs of white America and winning his spurs as the No. 1 champion of Negro rights in the land. His friends and foes are legion among Americans of all colors but none

will deny his stature as the foremost fighter of his people.

The White family calls their Harlem home "the White House" in jest but there is much truth and even more consequence in the jocular reference to the White name. Perhaps by no stretch of the imagination an executive mansion, the comfortable apartment of the brilliant secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People is the headquarters of the cream of celebrities in American life.

And like the White House, its moving spirit is an incessant traveller. But during the six months or less of the average year in which Walter White is home, he manages to conduct himself as a model husband and father should.

For a man of Walter White's multitudinous interests to display devotion to family might easily be considered unusual. But comely, composed Mrs. Gladys White considers it added proof of her claim that her husband is "an ideal family man."



**AT WORK** in his office, Walter White is a hard-driving dynamo. He usually rises at 7, reads three or four newspapers during breakfast. He gets to work at 9:30 and meets an army of callers all day. He rarely refuses to see anyone.

**THE HEAD** of the White House is a dapper, highly-strung little intellectual, who scurries about the country on NAACP business with endless energy, fills numerous speaking engagements, writes a weekly column for *The Chicago Defender*, hops from conference to conference and generally lives off his nerves. It is not surprising therefore that when he returns to

New York he craves relaxation and the quiet of his Edgecombe Avenue apartment.

When at home White's two main diversions are reading and the theatre. His wife always accompanies him on his expeditions to Broadway. Their interest in sports is largely confined to prize-fighting. They are ardent followers of

Heavyweight Champion Joe Louis.

Within the past four years Mr. White's activities have widened tremendously as has his capacity to handle them. The vast increase in the NAACP's membership (now over 500,000) has greatly increased the many demands on White's time and energy. Most of his travelling is done by air, which he prefers for its speed.

# FAMILY SPIRIT IN MANHATTAN

THE WHITES have a deeply rooted family spirit despite the long absences of members of the family from home.

By flexible adjustment to the uncertainties of Papa White's schedule, the Whites enjoy a happy and creative family life.

Jane White, the 23-year-old elder child, who as Nonnie in the stage adaptation of Lillian Smith's novel *Strange Fruit* stepped outside of the reflected glory of her father's career to build an independent reputation for herself as an actress, explains it in this way:

"We have had no difficulty in establishing and keeping that all-important unity of the home because as a group we have so much in common. If you have common interests, maintaining a healthy family life is really quite easy."

Both the White children, Jane and Walter, who is 18 and attends Swarthmore College, were born in New York City and can scarcely remember the time when the family did not have an apartment at 409 Edgecombe. Actually the Whites have been an increasingly important Manhattan family for 24 years. In 1927 there was a break in the continuity of their Manhattan life when White was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship to write a book published under the title *Rope and Faggot*, a study of lynching in America. At that time the White family went to Europe and spent 13 delightful months in France, mainly on the Riviera, where White wrote his book.

In their 17 years at 409 Edgecombe, the Whites have occupied three different apartments. Presently they live in an apartment from whose windows one may obtain a long-range view of the southern end of the Polo Grounds.

A visitor to the White apartment is immediately assailed by massed literature and art. There are several large, plain, shellacked book shelves, closely and neatly packed with multi-colored volumes inserted in double rows, and numerous prints, sketches and original paintings decorating the walls of the main and sub-living rooms. There are 6,000 volumes in the White library, the origins of which go back to White's college days. Of this remarkable assemblage of books on many subjects, over 1,000 belong to son Walter Carl Darrow White, called "Pidg," himself a somewhat omniverous reader.

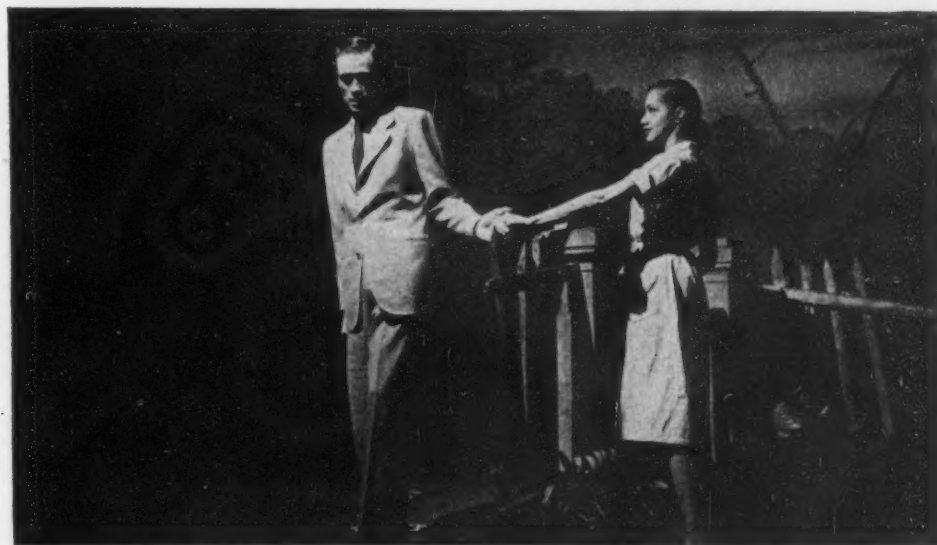
Though Papa White is the only published writer in the house, it can safely be said that the Whites are a literary family. Books have always been a source of endlessly fascinating discussion for them.

Most of one wall of the living room is covered with lithographs and prints, mostly signed, that were picked up by the Whites while in Europe or received as gifts from artist-friends. An inscribed photograph of Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt hangs above the main book case, while elsewhere are hung a caricature of Mr. White by the noted Mexican artist, Miguel Covarrubias, a color sketch of Mr. White by Aaron Douglas, and a number of paintings by Hale Woodruff.

The Whites belong to few organizations, are seldom seen in night clubs. With the exception of one visit to Cafe Society Downtown this winter and another to Cafe Society Uptown last winter, Mrs. White has not seen the interior of a night club in ten years.



**IN THE SPOTLIGHT** so long monopolized by her father, Jane White found her stardom as leading lady in the Broadway production of *Strange Fruit* short-lived. The play closed after a short run but Jane plans to continue on the stage, is hard at work getting additional training.



**LEADING LADY**, playing the coveted role of Nonnie Anderson in her first professional appearance, Jane White won favorable reviews although her only previous stage work was in college plays and in a 10-weeks dramatic course at the New School For Social Research.



**LIMBERING UP** in comfortable garb, Jane White starts the day off with her daily dozen to keep her lithe shape. In college she specialized in dancing and fencing.



**EXPRESSIVE FACE** reflects her emotion as she runs through lines in a play. She hopes to get into another Broadway play soon.



**HOBBY** for Jane is writing music lyrics. She wrote quite a few for student shows while at Smith. She has a promising mezzo-soprano voice.



**CLIPPINGS** of reviews of *Strange Fruit* are fond treasures for Jane. She often runs through gift scrapbook given her on opening night.

## LIKE FATHER, LIKE DAUGHTER

**S**INCE her graduation from Smith College in the Spring of 1944, Jane White has been too busy starting herself on a career in the theatre to conform to the contours of White family life shaped by the career of her famous father.

She doesn't believe that her future theatrical career should keep her from a home and family of her own, both of which she says she is anxious to have.

To date Jane has found the stage strenuous but stimulating. She spent seven weeks on the road with the *Strange Fruit* company, appearing in Montreal, Toronto, Boston and Philadelphia, before opening in New York in early December. The play closed its New York run on Jan. 19.

Jane thinks it realistic to assume that one of the Whites will always be out of town.

"I suppose if and when I get into another show I'll go on the road again and Papa will be here," she predicts. Since the closing of *Strange Fruit* Miss White has been catching up on lost rest and seeing a number of plays she wasn't able to see while her own play was running. She admits making her stage debut with a sort of starry-eyed, romantic breathlessness which was short-lived.

The commercialism of Broadway and the appalling rigors of the acting profession soon knocked this out of her. She plans to develop her knowledge of acting

technique in order to make her contribution to the theatre which she considers "a vital medium indeed, particularly when it comments on things and issues of social interest."

Jane has only been out of college two years but already has begun to make good on the wire sent her by her famous father when she was elected president of the House of Representatives at Smith College, the first time a Negro girl won the honor. Walter White sent his daughter congratulations and wound up by saying: "Soon I'll be known only as Jane White's father."

At Smith where she majored in sociology Jane was immensely popular. In being elected House president she won over 60 other nominees.

While much of her thinking has been influenced by her parents, Jane insists: "They have always let me form my own thinking patterns and criteria. They've never laid down any dogma on what I should believe or shouldn't."

"Even when I first started to go out with boys, they never judged the boy from their standards, but always tried to look at him through my eyes."

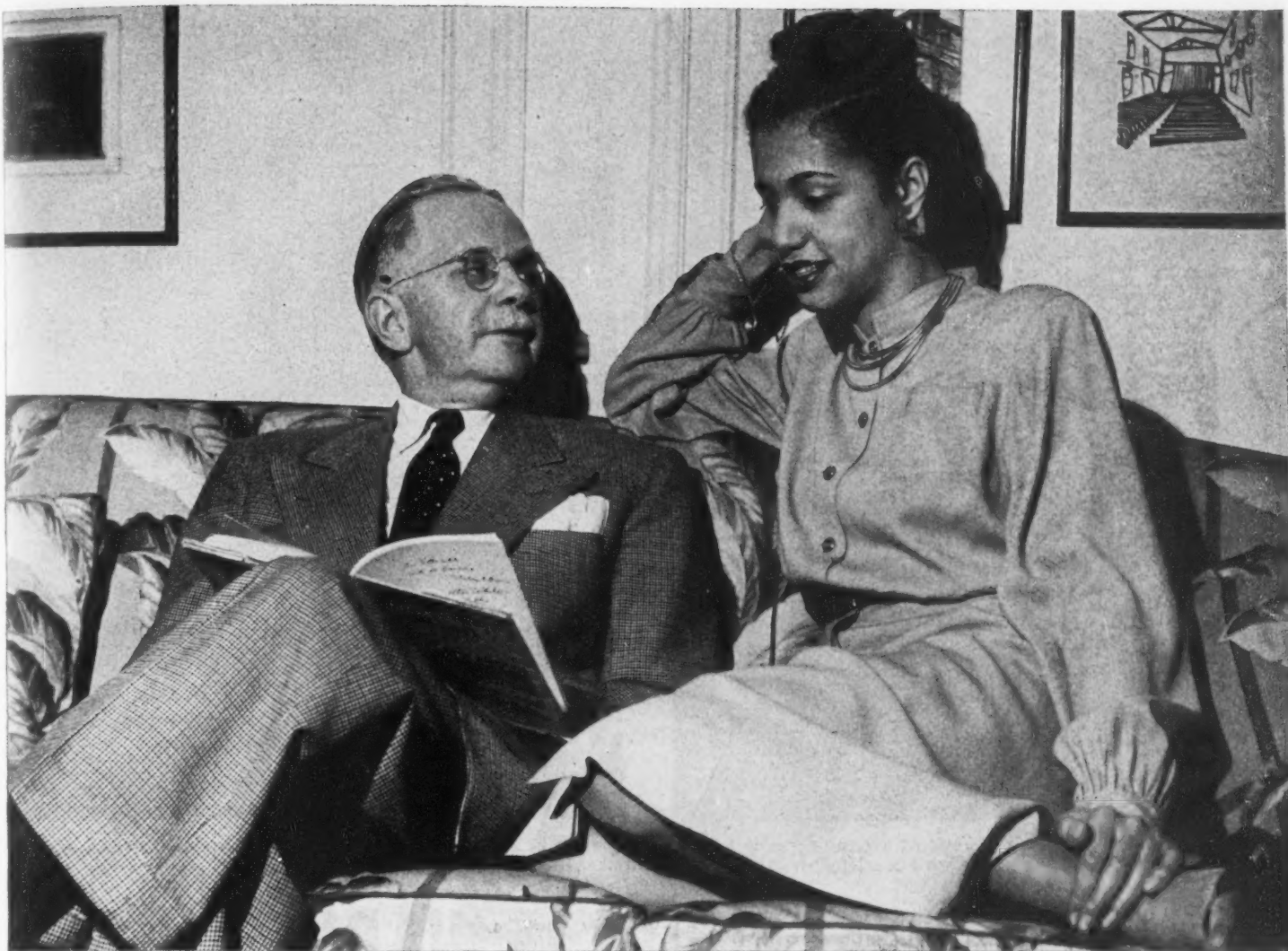
While Jane may not yet be up to the stature of her father in public life, she comes pretty close to it in physical height. She's five-feet-six, only an inch shorter than Papa White.



**MUSIC LOVER** Jane has quite a record collection. Her favorites run from Brahms and Shostakovitch to boogie-woogie and the King Cole Trio.



**DATES** with boy friends get Jane out often. She dresses meticulously. Sculptured head is that of her brother, modeled some years ago.



**FATHER AND DAUGHTER** chat about a book. He claims he cannot go to sleep without reading for an hour. He loves good food and got together a cook book which has recipes for many rare dishes and traces the crops and customs from which the dishes came. He is a crank about his clothes and linen, has to have his shirts ironed a special way.

## NATION'S NOTABLES PATRONIZE PARLOR AT WHITE HOUSE

WALTER WHITE'S life is not all work and no play. Always an admirer of "big shots" he has made it his business to meet men in high places in the drawing rooms of Park Avenue and the smoke-filled hotel rooms in the nation's capital.

Inevitably these notables have wound up at the White House in Harlem.

Mrs. White, who does all of her own housekeeping, says she couldn't begin to list all of the celebrities and national figures who have called at the White apartment at one time or another.

"Ever since I married Walter he has been meeting and working with famous people," she says. "He seems to be acquainted with practically everybody of note. I've never known or met anyone with so many distinguished friends and acquaintances."

In addition to celebrities from all over the country, the Whites have maintained friendly social relations with a number of families residing at 409 Edgecombe, whose directory looks like an abbreviated Who's Who of New York's Negro community. Other 409ers whom the Whites consider friends are the Roy Wilkinsons, the Elmer Carters, the Thurgood Marshals, Judge and Mrs. Charles Toney, Aaron Douglas and Eunice Hunton Carter.

Before the war the Whites did a good deal of entertaining—parties, dances, dinners, teas. During and since the war, how-

ever, their social entertaining has fallen off considerably. Nowadays no entertaining is done unless Papa White is in the city.

Mrs. White, who considers herself "a quiet home-loving woman," is a placid, attractive person with a wide interest in literature, music and social problems generally. Except for a brief spell in a Negro operetta in 1923, she has been a professional housewife and mother since her marriage to Walter White in 1921. Born in Philadelphia, reared in Ithaca, N. Y., and endowed with a passion for music by her father, William I. Powell, who was a concert baritone, Mrs. White recalls with nostalgia her appearance in *Deep River*, an operetta by Laurence Stallings that was produced on Broadway in 1923 and lasted for six weeks. She remembers those six weeks as among the "most thrilling" of her entire life.

"Since that time," she says, "I have lived a rather secluded life. I'm not really very social and I don't want much."

When her husband is out of town, Mrs. White finds time to do a fair amount of reading in addition to her household chores. She also takes an active interest in welfare organizations like the Riverdale Orphanage, and the Hope Day Nurseries, attends meetings of the Union for Democratic Action and Freedom House as well as all of the important NAACP affairs.

She has never been harassed by the myriad social obligations arising out of her husband's work. On the contrary, she finds being married to Walter White "a very stimulating and flattering experience."

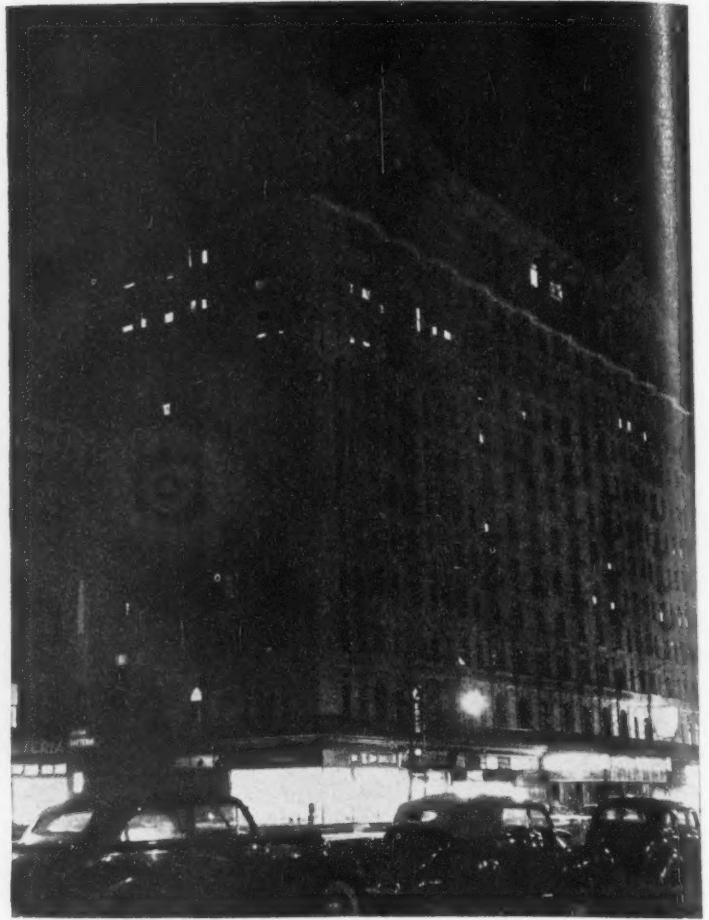
She is much darker than her husband, who with his blue eyes, blond hair and fair skin has passed for white in lynch towns. Her mother was part white, part Indian.

When White first began courting her while she did secretarial work in the New York NAACP offices, they found people whispering about them when they walked into restaurants together. Usually it was someone shocked at a Negro woman with a white lover.

To confuse people, they spoke to each other in French. Suspicion quickly turned to admiration and the waiter would question, "Ah, nobility from the French colonies perhaps? Ah, how may we serve Madame et Monsieur!"

His wife is Walter's favorite admirer and likes to quote his jokes like the story of the pompous southern gentleman visiting a night club in Hollywood. On seeing Hazel Scott and a dark escort enter, the Dixie gent exclaims, "Do you allow Negroes here?"

And the doorman blandly answers, "Yes, sir. Come right in."



**DAY OR NIGHT**, the Theresa's 300 rooms are the meeting ground for everybody who's anybody in Harlem. The hotel at 7th Avenue and 125th Street, "the Times Square of Harlem," has 100 permanent residents.

## THE WALDORF OF HARLEM

### Million-dollar Theresa is most famous Negro hotel in nation

**MOST FAMOUS** Negro hotel in America is the Theresa in New York. The grayish, 12-story building, erected 30 years ago by a nickel-cigar manufacturer, is the "Waldorf of Harlem."

Named after Theresa Seidenberg, wife of cigar maker Gustav Seidenberg who built the hotel, the Theresa is social headquarters for Negro America just as the Waldorf is home for white elite. But there the resemblance to the Waldorf ends. With its dimly-lit hallways, drab, colorless bedrooms, dingy, ancient furnishing, and limited room service, the Theresa is anything but a first-rate hotel. But it is the best that Harlem has.

And to its registration desk flock the most famous Negroes in America. It is the temporary home of practically every outstanding Negro who comes to New York.

It is common knowledge that Joe Louis stays there, along with every big time Negro fighter. So does Rochester and the Hollywood contingent, all the top band-leaders who haven't the good fortune to have their own apartments in town, Negro educators, colored writers and the Liberian and Haitian diplomatic representatives. Big men in the business world jostle top labor leaders in the flowered, mirrored lobby.

In the cheaper rooms, which start at two dollars, live social workers, nurses from nearby hospitals, and tremulous

newly-weds from out of town, attracted by the Theresa's fame. In one of the cheaper rooms, too, stayed the couple who, drinking and smoking in bed, recently started a minor fire in the hotel and a minor scandal in the Harlem papers. Florence Murray, editor of Negro Yearbook, Ally Simms, aunt of the cartoonist, and Mrs. James Weldon Johnson live there all the year around.

"Meet me at the Theresa" is to Harlem what "Meet me at clock at the Biltmore" is to New York whites.

Still owned by the Seidenberg estate, the hotel is managed by a white realtor, Alexander M. Bing. He has installed a Negro resident manager, dapper Walter M. Scott who took over six years ago from a management which had been exclusively white and catered largely to whites. The change to Negro residents was made in 1940 after vain attempts by the management to maintain the Theresa as white despite the changing character of the neighborhood. After huge financial losses for a number of years, the owners capitulated.

Today the hotel makes money with Negro business. The building and land are worth about \$1,000,000.

Rooms are booked months in advance at the Theresa and its rooms are always jammed. On a rumor that the Louis-Conn fight would take place in June, Manager Scott's office was flooded in December with requests for registrations.

Rooms at the Theresa are at a premium and guests rarely dare register complaints because the hotel is conceded to be the best Harlem has.

Manager Scott's statement, "We've got the top hotel in Harlem here," has yet to be contested.

Scott explains the Theresa's top popularity in Harlem by pointing to the services it offers: bellboys, room service, cleaning and pressing, phones in the rooms, a beauty parlor, a restaurant and a bar right in the building.

This doesn't mean that everyone is satisfied with the Theresa. News that Joe Louis might open a rival establishment brought forth ripples of excited comment, like "I certainly hope it's true—this hotel could certainly stand some competition!" from two distinguished, graying female guests chatting in the lobby.

Out-of-town guests usually like the front rooms from which they can see planes taking off from LaGuardia Field in the distance. There are also sights like the Triboro and Hellgate Bridges, the World's Fair grounds. To the West the view includes Grant's Tomb and the George Washington Bridge.

The Theresa follows the pattern of most Negro hotels in demanding cash in advance from its residents, except in the cases of notables. Its ownership by whites is typical of Negro hotels all over the country. In all there are some 400 hotels for Negroes in the nation.



# 15 WHITES LIVE AT THERESA

THE STREETS around the Theresa Hotel started to change in complexion about a quarter of a century ago. The hotel was one of the last spots in the community to yield to Negro residence. Although some Negroes lived in the Theresa before it got a Negro resident manager in 1940, the change in its policy did not become apparent until after that time.

Up until about three years ago, the hotel maintained about 20 per cent white occupancy. Today some 15 still live there.

Perhaps one of the oldest is Miss Isabel Jones, 78, who is completely happy about staying at the Theresa.

"My, when the colored people took over I was so frightened!" she recalls. "I thought they'd make me go away, that they'd want their hotel all for themselves. But mercy, they've been so kind! They let me stay on, and what's more I don't have to pay as much rent as the other guests because I was here long before any of 'em, when it didn't cost so much just to live!"

"Of course, when I have to go out for something to eat, the colored people aren't so nice—they have regular days when they push all the whites on the sidewalks, and I've gotten more than my share of shoves."

Miss Jones, who measures somewhat over four feet in height, swung her feet under her and sat on them. Settling back into the armchair, which seemed perfectly tremendous by comparison, she relaxed again. "I like it here fine. The women on my floor are real pleasant to me, and though they say the hotel has gotten pretty noisy and wild lately, I never hear any of it. I'm way up here and the manager lives on my floor, so nobody dares make any noise or they'd get thrown out!"

"The hotel hasn't changed much. Of course, it isn't so awful old. I've been in Harlem 65 years, you know. The hotel is only 30."

She thought back to Harlem as it used to be. "All around here was hills—beautiful slopes, with just a few mansions. Oh, it was a stylish place, around 125th Street—lovely tall women and handsome men helping them in and out of their own private carriages, and everything so green and quiet. . . ."

"I was a dressmaker then. I made them some lovely things, till my eyes gave out. The hills? Oh, they were all levelled off before this hotel was even thought of."

"It was a white hotel at first and real stylish, too, I hear. The first colored people moved in to the neighborhood about twenty-five years ago—then more and more came, 'till finally it got like you see it now—all colored. There were some colored folk living in the hotel for some time before Mr. Scott came in 1940, and for about three years afterward there were lots of whites here."

"But now all but about fifteen of them have died or moved away. Me—I'm not going to die here, believe me! I've been waiting for my boy friend to come back for too many years—I'm going to find me a man with money and marry him. I could make a man happy—I make fine cookies. Just look at this recipe book!" She flourished a notebook full of penciled notes.

"And if that doesn't work, I'll go to Hollywood. When I take my teeth out, I look just like a witch!"



**REX INGRAM**, the noted actor, checks in at the Theresa. He is currently starred in the new Broadway musical *St. Louis Woman* after doing several Hollywood movies.



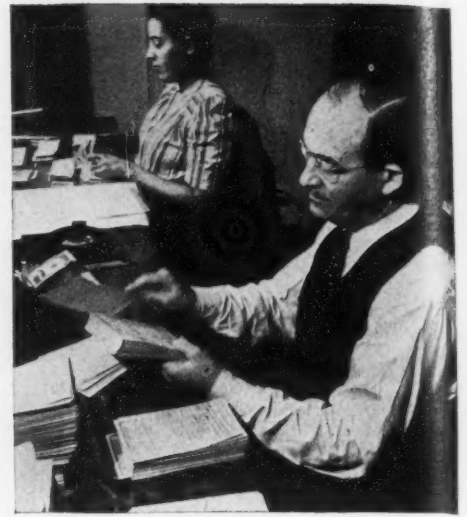
**MISS ISABEL JONES** is one of the few remaining white residents at the Theresa. She has occupied one small room for the past twelve years.



**BAR MANAGER** John Thomas keeps a close check on the liquor supply.



**BEAUTY SHOP** has no booths, only curtains hanging on iron pipes.



**HOTEL CASHIERS** count up a daily gross intake of about \$1200.

## AMBITIOUS PLANS FOR 'STARLIGHT ROOF' DETOURED BY WAR

**WHEN** the Theresa was first taken over by colored management, there were plans for making the big hotel "a center for people of refinement and taste."

Behind the great windows on the top floor of the Theresa there is a shrouded ballroom, kept locked for many years. Author-composer-diplomat James Weldon Johnson saw in his imagination each of its four hundred seats occupied by the men and women of the "Negro Renaissance"; he begged that it be made a gracious meeting place where people could get away from the blare and bumps of the usual nightclub, could dance and talk in a lovely setting like those downtown from which many were barred because of their color.

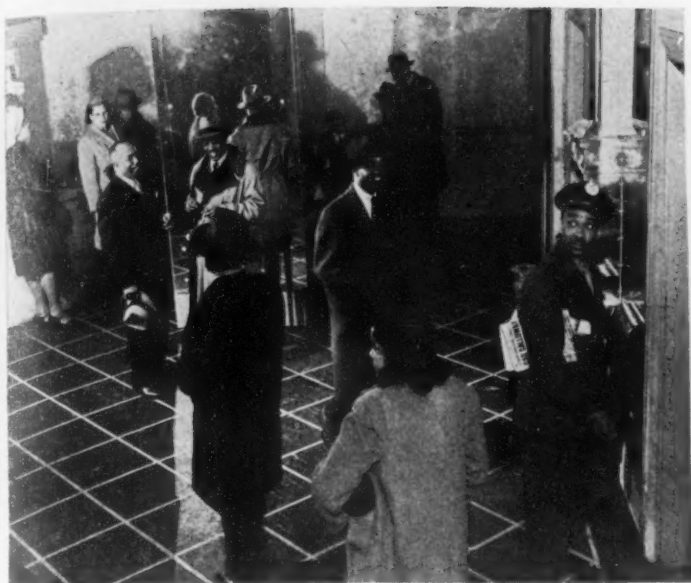
But plans for the Theresa's "Starlight Roof" were stalled for unexplained reasons, and after Pearl Harbor any further pressure was futile; labor and materials went toward the war effort, and the subject of the ballroom was closed.

Before becoming manager of the Theresa, Scott worked as a hotel bellhop, a porter and waiter on the Hudson River Day Line boats. He is a graduate of New York University and a World War I veteran (lieutenant in the 368th Infantry). He has been business manager for the Harlem YMCA and an officer in the New York Department of Welfare.

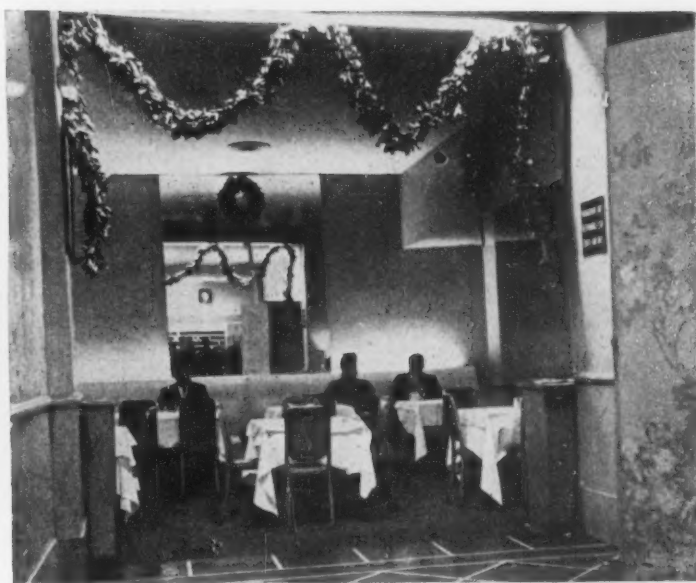
Scott is tight-lipped about the Theresa although he takes pride in his hotel having the best service in Harlem. Friends say he's doing the best that he can under white ownership.



**RESIDENT MANAGER WALTER SCOTT** lives in a 10th floor suite with wife and 21-year-old daughter, Gladys, who's a senior majoring in psychology at New York University.



**LOBBY** of Theresa viewed from entrance to bar is mirrored, papered, cheerfully noisy, usually includes a handful of people awaiting dates who have said "Meet me at the Theresa." Women at left are standing by registration desk. GI about to enter elevator is Buck Clayton, star trumpet player with Count Basie.



**DINING ROOM** has sophisticated orchid and canary decor, is usually peaceful and quiet because its leatherette wall-seats are seldom occupied. Theresa guests prefer to run across 125th Street to Franks, Harlem's famous sea food restaurant, or else they go to Frazier's, slightly below the hotel on 7th Avenue.

**DIMLY-LIGHTED** from the outside, the Theresa's bright lobby, opening at one side into the bar, at the other into the dining-room, is a welcome surprise. A convivial noise comes from the region of the bar, and it is a rare hour that there is not a sprinkling of well-groomed men waiting for attractive women, and vice versa.

But there are fewer lights in the mezzanine. And as one goes higher in the building, it is apparent that the Theresa has concentrated on making its floor bright at the expense of dimly-lit hallways.

The occupants of the hotel, too, seem to undergo a subtle change as they reach the upper regions of the big building. They are the same attractive, well-known people, but they lose some of their contentedness, some of their poise. For surrounded

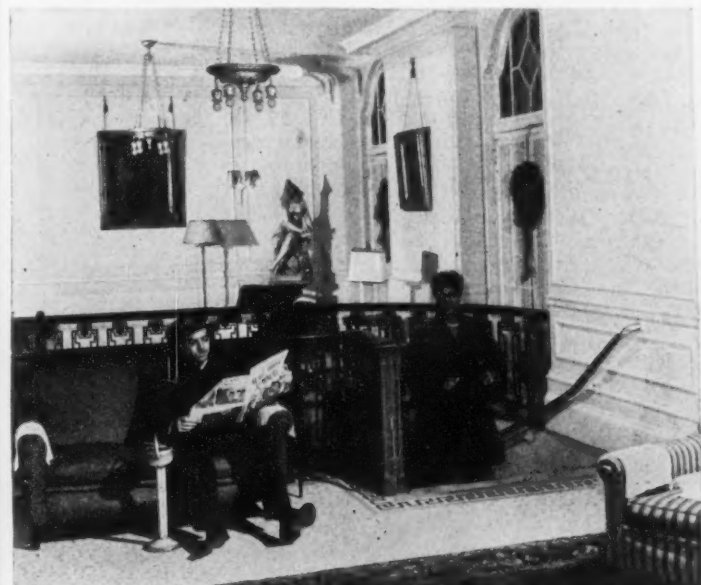
by the constantly-gay crowd in the bar or the long-time-no-see greetings of the lobby, it is possible to ignore the shortcomings of physical surroundings; but upstairs, everyone has a complaint.

Guests of the Theresa ask each other, when will the Theresa's \$8 top daily rent equal \$8 worth of charm and service in a comparable white hotel?

A lovely young woman's conversation, overheard in the mezzanine, sums up the feeling of many Negroes about the hotel. "How much longer are they going to treat us as if we had never seen any place nicer than the Theresa? How much longer are they going to pass off good-enough on us when we deserve the best? I've passed downtown—a thousand of us have gone to conferences and appeared at benefits in New York's white hotels; we can pay for what we saw there—space and beauty, well-cooked, original food, shaded lights,

color in the rooms, a flower on the table—you'd think there weren't any good cooks or decorators in Harlem! Why don't they hire them to work at the Theresa?"

But the reply of the older woman with her must also be considered. "Just be patient, dearie. It's the war that made them go so slow. And you have to realize this is a small hotel, and not many of the rooms are big enough to call for an \$8 rent. It may be where the most famous of our race stay, but it's a small hotel for that, and not very rich. Besides, we didn't build it with funny lights and tiled floors. We didn't put in this dusty statue," she gestured at a coy plaster maiden, dressed apparently in a longish rayon union suit and a sun bonnet, "or make the outside fancy so it would catch all the dirt in Harlem as it blows by. This was a white hotel, honey. Mr. Scott's only been here six years."



**MEZZANINE** is reached by stairs from lobby, is first place where the Theresa begins to show its age. It is cluttered with dark oil paintings, old bric-a-brac like that of the chubby nymph-in-wet-underwear in the background. Modern fluorescent lighting and over-all-carpet have not yet replaced dangling small-bulb-fixtures and "ladies-room tile" on the floor.



**SUITE** costs \$8 a day, is the best Theresa has. Couples celebrating anniversaries in the same rooms occupied when they were first married have been known to complain to Scott because twin beds had been substituted for the original double beds. However, some suites still have double beds. No suite is better than any other—all include bedroom, hallway, bathroom, sitting room.



**GUEST** Una Mae Carlisle is induced to sit down at the piano in the Theresa's "Club Room" by Resident Manager Walter Scott.



**PARTY** for employees of Theresa had to be held in two shifts so that all could attend and still keep the hotel running.



**SONG** is *Stardust* and Una Mae mugs it as well as plays and sings it.



**BAR** is the heart of the Theresa, the cocktail-hour meeting place of Harlem's elite. Its J-shaped bar is always jammed, and the crowd of notables usually overflows to the grill in the rear. Each room is equipped with a juke box, but their conflicting melodies are usually drowned out by the roar of conversation and the clicking of ice in the cocktail-shakers.

## THERESA BAR SOCIAL CENTER OF HARLEM

**THE BAR** is the Theresa's big attraction.

It is "small and crowded"—but everyone thinks of it as warm, friendly, the social center of town.

Jammed on fight nights and packed on holidays, the J-shaped 51-foot bar is equipped to take care of 150 people, including those who spill over into the grill-room in the rear. Equipped with a juke-box and some red leather booths, the grill's walls bear autographed photos of Dooley Wilson, Una Mae Carlisle, Joe Louis, Rochester, Hattie McDaniels, Eddie South, and Ralph Cooper.

Shoppers and workers who spill out of the Seventh Avenue bus around five at night can usually see through the Venetian blinds and the wide plate glass windows a generous sprinkling of such people as Roi Ottley, Erskine Hawkins, the Duke, Rochester, Lucky Millinder, Joe Louis.

A pheasant, bagged by Manager Scott, tops the shelves-full of glasses and bottles, is shown off to good advantage against red and gold striped walls.

John Thomas, manager of the bar, used to run a chain of food stands, The Little Gray Shops. He employs seven bartenders, two cashiers, no bouncers. "We hardly ever need one. If a guy gets too bad we just ask him kindly not to come back!" The bartenders make about \$65 a week with their tips he says.

More of a one-or-two drink place in which to start or finish off an evening than a haunt for those who want to guzzle all night long, the average check for a couple is only \$1.50. Scott takes about \$400 out of the cash register every night.

"All the glasses from my bar are put in a sterilizer," Scott boasts. "That's something you don't see in most places in Harlem!"

The Theresa has no music or entertainment. The home of the top-rate musicians in the country might offer a dance floor or at least music that didn't come from a juke box, some complain. "But don't use my name," they add hastily. "Bad as it is, this is a million times better than any other joint in Harlem, and I don't want to get in bad here for shooting my face. After all, I gotta have a place to sleep."

The club-room, in which EBONY's photographer caught Una Mae Carlisle entertaining at a party for the bellboys, cooks, elevator boys, porters and maids, is next to the beauty-parlor, on the mezzanine floor. Often used for small private dinners and dances, bridge parties and committee meetings, it is an oatmeal-colored room, with dark-stained venetian blinds and tables, no drapes.

A dining room, a club room and a beauty parlor are the main attractions of the Theresa aside from the bar. Seldom very full except when its tables are joined for a banquet or a party, the dining room is one floor below the upstairs kitchen and food is usually wilted or luke warm by the time it gets down to the tables. Customers also complain of an exceedingly limited menu.

But despite all the faults of the Theresa, the biggest Negro hotel in the nation is a popular, much-patronized Harlem center. It has little competition in New York or in any other Negro community in the country.



JIM CROW SIGN IN SOUTH AFRICA RAILROAD STATION. ALL WHITES ARE KNOWN AS 'EUROPEAN'

## HIS MAJESTY JIM CROW

### Race discrimination in South Africa is worst in world

**NO KING** has ever reigned in Africa as long as the all-powerful monarch that has ruled over the Union of South Africa for more than half century. His Majesty Jim Crow is sovereign in South Africa.

Here where the Negro eats less and dies quicker than anywhere else on earth, racial discrimination is the worst in the world. Next to Capetown, the city of Charlestown in Dixie is "free and equal" for Negroes.

In South Africa, whites rule over the Negro population with laws that follow the pattern laid down in the United States 90 years ago by the Dred Scott decision: "Negroes have no rights which a white

man is bound to respect."

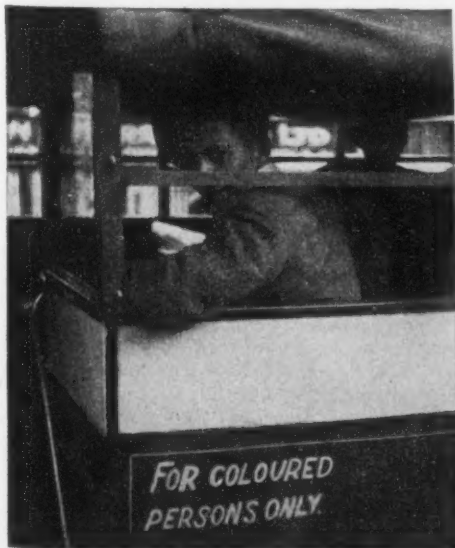
The country's 8 million Negroes are not allowed by its 2 million whites to vote, to bear arms, to take jobs of their own choice, to enter public places, to have any contact with whites except as masters and servants. Segregation is the law of the land. The constitution of the province of Transvaal reads: "There shall be no equality between black and white, neither in the state, nor in the church."

Intercourse with a white woman means hanging for a native; for the same "crime" with a Negro woman, a white man might be fined, generally goes unpunished.

To give the whites *lebensraum*, almost half of the native population is jammed into so-called reserves, which are segregated, squalid, fenced-in tinder-box slums occupying only 7½ per cent of the total land of South Africa.

Today a terrible famine is sending the death toll soaring in South Africa. Many natives are eating weeds, tree bark and worms.

Growing hunger and racial tensions have made the Union of South Africa a potential powder keg. Many sociologists expect an explosion soon, a blast that may touch off world colonial revolts.



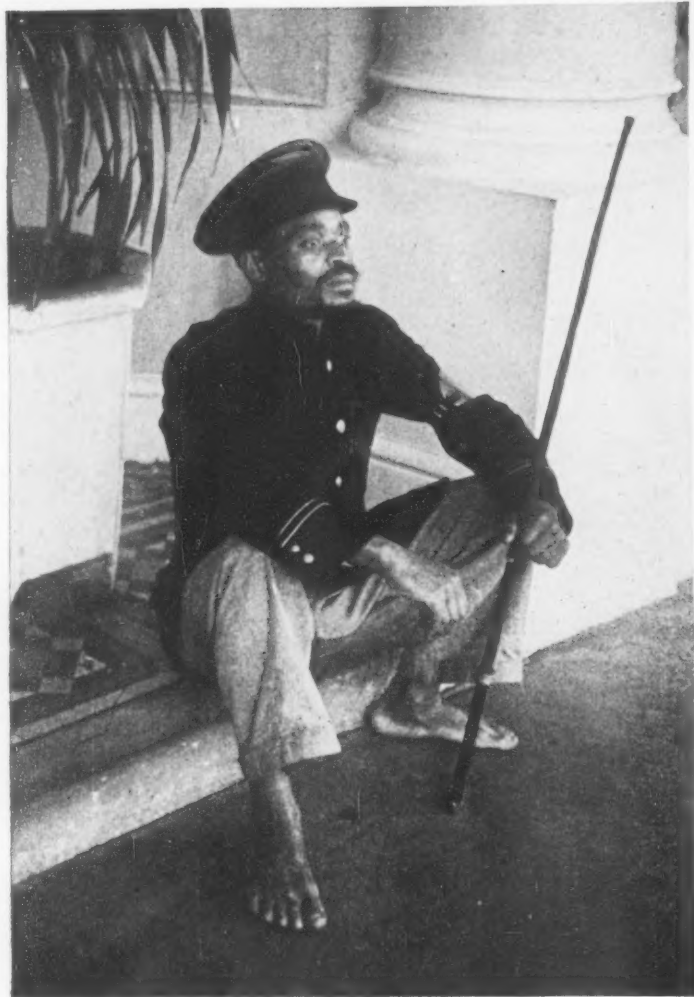
**ONLY COLORED** ride this vehicle. Coloreds are considered mixed, natives are pure Negro, live outside cities on locations.



**SEGREGATION** in all buses is compulsory. "Non-European" riders go to upper deck on this one.



**DUTCH CHURCH** has sign which says: "Kaffirs (natives) and dogs not allowed in this church."



**SHOES** are forbidden on Negroes when they enter the mansions of white people in the Union of South Africa. Because of this rule, the doorman at the leading hotel in Durban does not wear shoes though he has a uniform.



**ALCOHOL** cannot be drunk or even handled by any Negroes. In leading restaurants which have Negro waiters, when a customer orders whisky and lemonade, the whisky is brought by a white waiter and the lemonade by a Negro.

## 'BLACK GOLD' GIVES RED GOLD ITS GLITTER IN SOUTH AFRICA

**T**HE UNION of South Africa is the treasure trove of the world. About one sixth the size of the U.S., this prosperous British dominion at the Southern tip of Africa has an almost limitless supply of "black gold" and red gold.

Because the red gold would be valueless, would remain hidden in the bowels of the earth without its "black gold," the color-crazed overseers of South Africa look upon their "black gold" as one of their most cherished possessions.

"Black gold" are the black miners, the natives from the Kraals all over South Africa, who do practically all the work in the gold mines. It is the low price of "black gold" which makes the high profits of red gold possible, which impels the fortune-hunting South Africans to use every device short of actual slavery to keep the Negroes under their heel.

One-half of South Africa's population obtains their livelihood from gold—but what kind of a livelihood depends strictly on the color on one's skin. How the booty is divided is seen by these 1944 figures on the Witwatersrand mines:

- A total of 83 million dollars went to 42,000 white workers.

- The company shareholders got 52 million dollars.

- A total of 312,000 Negro workers received less than 55 million dollars.

The average annual wage of a white worker in the mines is more than \$1500; the Negro's less than \$200 a year.

Negro miners are kept in the low-paying brackets by the Color Bar Act of 1926, which prohibits any Negro from doing

"engine driving, blasting, surveying and other skilled occupations in mines."

But no one in the mines, from its top officials down to the lowliest white, pretends that Negroes are not qualified to do skilled work. Management, in fact, would like to put natives in skilled jobs but the South African Miners Union fears that white labor would be replaced by black, insists on condemning every Negro to remain a coolie without the slightest chance of advancement.

The color bar, however, is violated in virtually every mine. Big electric trains are driven by Negroes, many do blasting, repair dynamos. One mining engineer, asked about the violation of the Color Bar Act, replied: "Who cares? As long as the native does the work and the white worker is paid for it, nobody minds."

More stringent than any laws Hitler passed against the Jews or Mississippi against its Negroes are South Africa's pass and poll tax laws.

Negroes who come into any city either from their native village, the "compounds" where miners are forced to live, or the so-called "locations" which are Jim Crow districts in city suburbs must have a pass issued by the police. A policeman may demand to see the pass at any time.

Passes needed include:

- Pass to look for work. It is good for one month. If at the end of that time, a native has not found a job, he must leave the city.

- Pass to buy a beer ration.

- Pass to live with a wife.

- Pass to work as well as not work.

To force Negroes to leave their native Kraals and go into cities, the Parliament in 1925 enacted a poll tax of \$4 a year levied on every male native over 18. Because this sum is more than most men can earn in their villages, many thousands have to leave in order to make money to pay taxes. When they do not pay, they can be jailed, whipped or turned over to gold mines for forced labor.

Index to the unbelievably low living standards in South Africa is the infant mortality rate, one of the world's highest. Because of this, the government does not publish statistics on native birth and death rates.

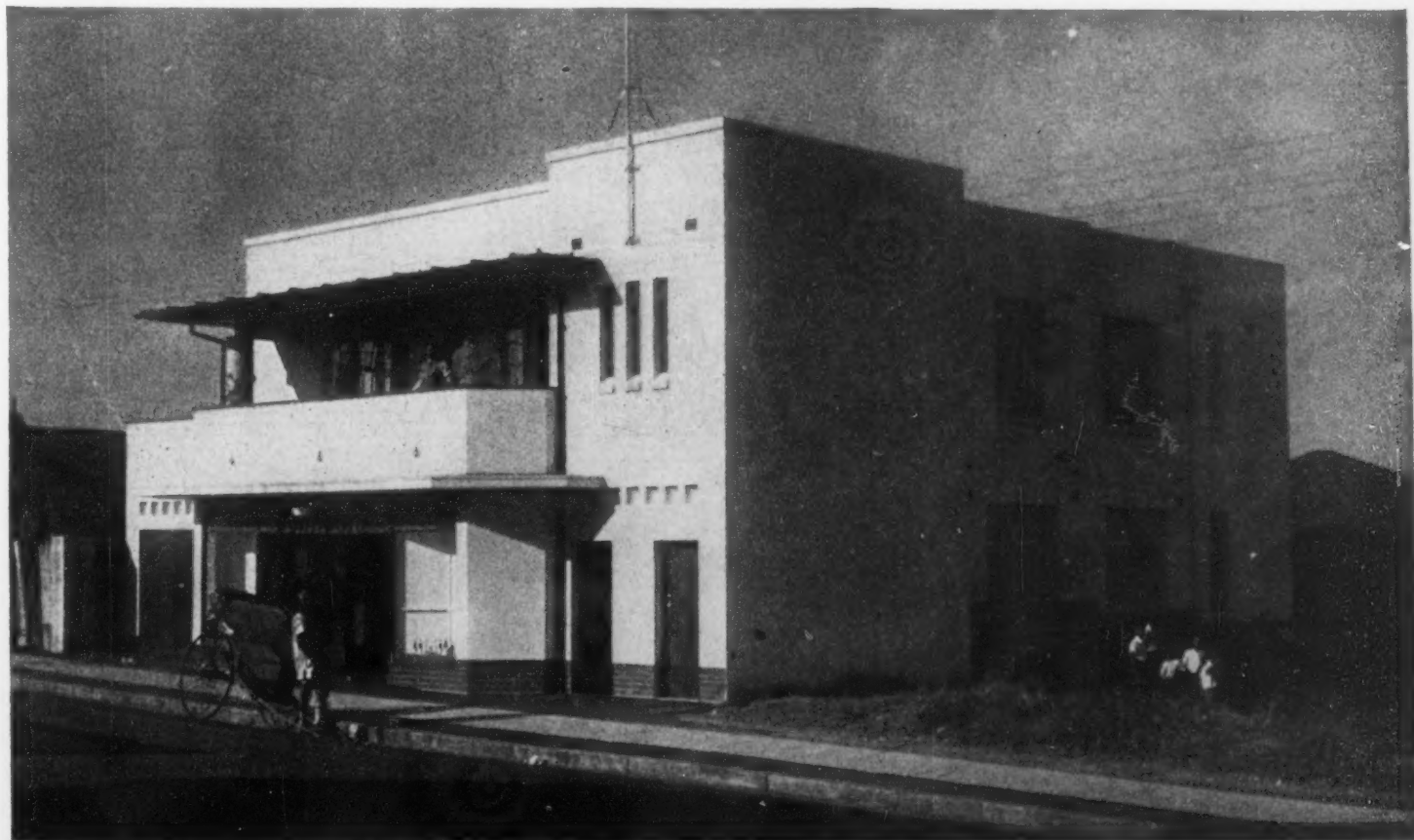
But in 1937 one town near Johannesburg disclosed that its infant mortality rate among natives was 557 out of every 1,000 live birth. Benoni, a mining town, gave its rate as 500 per 1,000 native babies born.

Any solution of the racial problem that would involve concessions to the native population would meet ferocious resistance from the Union's conservatives and "white supremacy" advocates who repeatedly raise the bogey of black domination of South Africa's 2,000,000 whites.

However, in a tradition-shattering survey of the racial problem issued two months ago, the Economic and Social Planning Council of South Africa predicted a tremendous growth of the native population and strength during the next ten years. The report then ominously concluded: "It is impossible to exclude the native from his full part in the development of the country."



**WHITE SLUMS** are found in the Union of South Africa along with Negro slums. Here in Johannesburg is the back yard of a typical white slum dwelling. Some 20,000 whites live in this slum area. This city, built on the discovery of gold, had less than 50 inhabitants 50 years ago. Today gold is being mined under the very homes of Johannesburg.



**NEGRO HOMES** are modern in some cases. Here is the house of a Negro doctor in Durban. However, the average wage of Negro workers in South Africa is \$4 per week compared to \$30 for whites. There is an economic line that divides "coloreds." Better educated, well-to-do natives usually refuse to have anything to do with those in the lower classes.

# JOE LOUIS OF THE GRIDIRON

**A**MERICA'S most-coveted football magnet in decades is a diminutive, Mercury-footed Negro sailor from Chicago who will don mufti again this summer in time to set the nation's gridirons afire.

He is 20-year-old, meteoric Buddy Young, who has the fastest legs in America and promises to become the No. 1 attraction of college football this fall.

No less than 30 leading universities and two All-American pro teams have wooed "the Joe Louis of the gridiron" with attractive offers. With three years of collegiate competition ahead of him, the Illinois star is the greatest football prospect talent scouts have ever seen.

Growing up in Chicago's Woodlawn section, Buddy started playing on sandlot teams while in grammar school and fell in love with the game. His home was three blocks from the White City sports field and soon his mother began noticing that he wasn't coming home for dinner. "Then I found out he was slipping through the fence and watching the high school football games. He would dream of playing football in high school and then going into the Big Ten," his mother recalls.

Buddy's dream came true. The first time he played for Wendell Phillips High School, he wrote his mother a letter: "Mother, I'm sitting down and thinking about how I'm about to realize my dream."

When he won a scholarship and went to the University of Illinois, the other half of his dream came true.

Despite the excitement and glamour of his single year in Big Ten football (including a sensational 90-yard run through the entire Notre Dame eleven on the first play of the game), Buddy today, as always is still a home boy. His mother says, "He's lovable, affectionate, a great big mutt and a darling."

Whenever he gets a leave from the Navy base on the West Coast where he is stationed, he makes tracks for his home in Chicago at the big Altgeld federal housing project. Buddy is one of seven children—two of them only 2 years and 6 months old.

Buddy made some All-American teams picked by the experts while he was a freshman. But some of his best publicity came while playing for the Fleet City Navy team. Back in December before 60,000 spectators in the Los Angeles Coliseum, he ran wild against the El Toro Marines.

Playing only 15 minutes in the game with some of the top grid stars in the nation, he scored three touchdowns, one on a 94-yard run although he carried the pigskin only 10 times. Tributes like these came from noted spectators:

● Ernie Nevers, Stanford grid immortal: "I've never seen his equal."

● Slip Madigan, former St. Mary's coach, "The greatest ball carrier I've ever seen."

● Paul Schissler, coach of the Hollywood Bears, "The fastest back ever in football."

Despite his feats on the gridiron, some Young fans are urging him to forsake football for track. They claim that football is hurting Buddy's legs. Typical comment is from the world's fastest human, Jesse Owens, who says: "Buddy Young would be the fastest sprinter of all time if he quit football and devoted all his time to track."



BUDDY'S MOTHER KEEPS CLOSE CHECK ON HIS LEGS





**CLOSE FAMILY HARMONY** keeps the Young family together, whether it's at a piano or drawing up the budget. Joining in the quartet are Buddy's twin-sister, Claudine (left), Buddy, a neighbor and Mother Young, who once earned living as a funeral home organist.



**REMINISCING** with his mother over many trophies he has won, Buddy takes pride in high school "Athlete of the Year" award.



**COOKING** is included in Buddy's versatility and here Brother Harold, 2, samples his culinary art.



**WASHING** dinner dishes goes along with cooking and Buddy is not averse to demonstrating his ability here too.



**BALL-CARRYING TIPS** are given brother Hendricks, who was star quarterback for the Washington Park Juniors team last year.



**BLACKBOARD DRILL** is a favorite with Hendricks, especially when brother Buddy is the coach. Hendricks will play high school football in Fall.



**MILK** is the mainstay of a champ's health. Buddy tells Hendricks, and says it's a good idea to drink it from one of your trophies, especially when they'll hold 4 quarts.

## AMAZING YOUNG CLAN A FAMILY OF SPEEDSTERS

**B**UDDY YOUNG'S amazing speed on the cinders is hereditary. The Youngs are a running family.

Their mother won ribbons running at Willard School in Chicago when she was a kid.

The Young track team lineup of youngsters reads as follows:

- Claudine, Buddy's twin sister who won the Chicago dash championship for playgrounds.
- Hendricks, 14, who copped the Chicago Daily News dash trophy for schoolboys and is now on the track team at Corliss High.
- Stanley, 16, mainly a basketball player but he has also taken track trophies for running.
- Clarence, 18, now in the Navy in Hawaii but quite a hurdler while going to high school in Detroit.

Buddy is second oldest in the family. Virtually all the others look up to him. When he joined the Navy, Clarence quit school and enlisted in the Navy too. Little Harold, aged two, is already calling football signals and kicking a wooly teddy bear at an imaginary goal post. Hendricks is "shooting to follow in the footsteps of Buddy," says their mother.

Buddy's full name is Claude Henry Keystone Young.

Keystone was his mother's brother, who was a basketball champ at Wendell Phillips High. He hurt his knee in a game and died from the infection several weeks later. He was eighteen.

That's why Buddy's mother worries about his football, and all the rough-housing that goes with it. She wants him to stick to running, worries about injuries to his legs.

She thought Buddy would be her only son so she named him after her husband, her brother, her father.

Buddy and Claudine are twins, who have been inseparable from the time of their birth. Their first actual separation came when Buddy went into the Navy.

Both started their running careers at Sunday School picnics. They always won and so they were barred from competing because it was no fun for the rest of the kids to compete in a race whose outcome was a foregone conclusion.

Buddy eats all the time, except when he's in training. "Some people eat to live. Well, Buddy lives to eat," his mother says.

She gave an example of this and tied it in with the worst scare he ever gave her: "The two twins, Claude and Claudine, were forbidden to cross the street near their home when they were young.

"It was dinner time. I had spaghetti and meatballs, which Buddy still loves. I was waiting for them, but meanwhile the

two of them ventured across the street to the candy store. They bought the candy and were crossing the street hand in hand, when a car came along.

"Claudine broke away and got to the other side safely. Buddy was hit.

"It happened that the car was driven by a friend of the family. Well, when they came to tell me, I was sure he was lying somewhere, stretched out, dead. I went to the Washington Park Hospital, where they took him. I was nearly crazy. I was sure he was dead. Nobody could tell me where he was hurt, or how bad it was, so I was sure he was dead.

"When I reached the hospital he was lying on a table. Doctors and nurses were there and everybody was laughing because he was struggling to get off the table and saying over and over again, 'I've got to go home. My mother has spaghetti and meatballs for dinner.'"

Buddy's mother, Mrs. Waterford, will be 40 this year. She is very youthful looking, supported her family virtually single-handed after leaving her first husband 12 years ago. She remarried five years ago and the two younger children have come since.

When Buddy entered the University of Illinois, he planned to go into medicine. Later he changed his mind because he "doesn't want to cut anybody."

"I think he's chicken-hearted," his mother laughs.

When he changed his mind about medicine Mrs. Waterford began to plug away for physical education, but Buddy thinks at this point that he'll go into business administration.

Buddy gets hundreds of letters from little boys all over the country. Mrs. W. makes him answer every one of them himself and in his own handwriting. She thinks it may help youngsters to emulate him and maybe inspire them to set a worthwhile goal for themselves.

Buddy likes boogie, sentimental songs. His favorite hymn is *Abide With Me*. He likes to sing and has a good baritone voice. His favorite foods are potato salad, hamburger, spaghetti. He doesn't eat as many sweets since he's been in the Navy as he used to.

Buddy weighs 153 pounds. He is 5 feet 5 inches and has been called Mr. Five-By-Five.

Some folks claim Young is far over-rated as a football star, say he is too short to be any good on the defensive. Others say all he can do on the offensive is run but one of his followers recently replied to that one with: "Yes, and all Paderewski could do was play the piano."



**TRIAL FITTING** saves time, material and years of one's life, says Hollywood hat creator Mildred Blount, pointing out some spring hat styles on an opposite wall. Model Rosemae Lindon likes a high straw crown adorned with a single huge cabbage rose, the brim-to-be of which she holds in her hand.

## WHAT'S NEW IN SPRING HATS

### Look for open crowns and matching gloves, says noted milliner

**BY MILDRED BLOUNT**

**S**PRING 1946 emerges from the war hysteria to give fashion experts a chance to make a new Declaration of Independence from the influence of khaki. Spring 1946 is like coming out of a tunnel into the bright sunlight.

With all restrictions removed, a lavish hand is used in creating a wonderful panorama of color. Beauty is the result in women's clothes this Spring. Hat styles are no exception, for a sympathetic influence is felt from hat to shoes.

The up hairdo, especially the huge roll worn atop the head, is giving impetus to the open crown which will be seen so much this spring, varied in colored materials and a multitude of shapes especially flattering, if large to taller women. Flowers in profusion are used around the open crowns.

Tuscan straw is coming again into its own. Daintily feminine and natural,

straw can easily be worn with most dressy outfits.

Horsehair hats will cast a complimentary shadow over milady's brow this coming Summer.

Flowered turbans, popular for the past season, are continuing in vogue.

Milans, which have been missed, are staging a comeback due to their importation from Italy and Switzerland. Good ones will not be seen for some time yet.

The lowly gingham is being glorified in taffeta and cotton. I prefer its glorification in original form. I'm showing it in many colors, particularly in bonnet styles which I incidentally introduced through research for the Henry J. Kaiser employe show of 1944. Designed by Muriel King, it is now being widely featured by many hat creators here and abroad. I am fea-

turing this hat this Spring in black taffeta with pastel picot ribbon and exquisite flowers. Then there is black lace as a curtain backdrop.

White pique is my favorite with open gingham mittens or pique gloves for that cool, crisp look. Straws of May colors and weaves are in vogue also.

A halo of black taffeta roses with black lacy mesh veil is one of many designed especially for Miss Marian Anderson. Another I have made for the noted singer is of black bengaline with a high soft crown and small brim, trimmed with Marianna Blue feathers.

It's nice to be in vogue but if a style is not becoming forget it. You can't go wrong in selecting hats of any of these materials. Be sure that the hat of your selection *definitely* does something for you—acts as a frame for your face, softens the eyes and gives to you that well-dressed feeling.



**BLACK SATIN** is draped high and soft as whipped cream for this cocktail turban. Gold braid studded with fake jewels is twined around two monumental hatpins.



**BONNETS** make headlines in more ways than one. This demure blue and white gingham, faced with pink marquisette ruffles is called the Honey Chile.



**MARIAN ANDERSON** ordered this forward-swooping bit of aqua fluff. The almost nose-tickling ostrich feathers make a nest for pink flowers and afford a color combination which only a woman of tremendous dignity could carry off.

## MILDRED BLOUNT FASHIONS

**CALL IT** a postwar "return to normalcy" or just a binge with bonnets but the millinery merchants are going mad again this Spring.

With the material shortage just about over and Swiss braids, handmade flowers and real silk ribbons back again, the milliners have incited a riot of color and themes that cover a multitude of sins committed by imaginative designers from Paris to Hollywood.

Reading from A to Z, the order of popular preference in Spring headlines runs from coy, ribbon-bedecked bonnets, which will probably be the outstanding new models, all the way to flower-trimmed crownless halos of soft straw. All feature an off-the-brow effect that goes well with just about any kind of hair-do. Hat lines are daring, with a host of wild whims created by the foremost names from Lily Dache to Paquin.

For milady with modesty and a fear of the bold and brilliant in chapeaux, there are always the custom-made creations of common sense milliners who can fit the lid to the lady. High up in the top brackets of the creators of made-to-order styles is a longtime favorite of Hollywood, late-thirtyish Mildred Blount whose taste in Spring hats is expressed simply in her philosophy: "Make the hat fit the individual."

"Hats to me express something—modes, people, stories—and I've endeavored to put my message through the years in my work," she says.

Mildred Blount designs with a woman's intuition and a man's eyes. Her objectives are four: to slice off the years, to improve one's morale, to accent one's personality and to bring good fortune. Her own dignity and poise go into each creation and she never lets a customer look ridiculous. Giggles are bad for a woman's spirit, and it does the Blount label no good either.

Aging matrons consult her for hats which will minimize wrinkles and sagging jowls without making them look as absurd as Elsa Maxwell in bobby-sox, and they are not disappointed.

Her experience with hats runs the gauntlet from a bonnet designed for race horse Sea Biscuit to the first job fashioned by her deft, bronze fingers—a crown of freshly-picked pansy petals and violet leaves for the first doll owned by this now-famous star graduate of John Frederics, best known hatter in America whose prices range from \$50 to the-sky's-the-limit.



**GRECIAN INFLUENCE** in the gold scroll of this blue velvet "pill-box-with-mudguards" shows Mildred Blount's careful historical research.



**OPEN CROWNS**, experts predict, will leave more and more of the head uncovered this year. This red wool turban bears two African heads as decoration.

## BONNETS TO FIT THE FACE

Today Mildred Blount has fame, a glowing Los Angeles apartment, and a clientele which sparkles with names like Marian Anderson, Gloria Vanderbilt, Mary Pickford, Marlene Deitrich, Madame Galli-Curci, Rosalind Russell, and Joan Crawford. But she has not forgotten those who haven't a hundred dollars to spend on a hat.

Driven by a yen to create a maximum of beauty from a minimum of material, she once went to work proving that only courage and originality are required for a sprightly chapeau. The resultant red-dotted white cartwheel and matching gloves topped *The Ladies Home Journal's* cover girl for August, 1942, and was stitched up for sixty cents.

Always one to make adversity a challenge rather than a burden, she feels that being established at last on her own means having less material to choose from, and that "limitation is a new adventure."

Her hats try too to say that study, skill and spirit lift hatting up from the sweat-shop, mass production industries to a craft of which one may be proud. She tries "to explore the culture of various groups and recreate their gifts to fit present-day usage." In this way, she takes "the everyday drabness" from the trade and gives it historic value and significance.

An apt armchair psychologist, she learned years ago when she was an errand girl that when a woman looks lovely, not only does she feel better but her beauty makes those around her perk up and smile. She concentrates on pleasing the eye, and if "style" demands over-severity or a too-conspicuous lid which would embarrass one's escort, it is scrapped in favor of prettiness.

Finally, there is that "little bit more" than just artistry which is a part of every Blount creation. Love is sewn into her hats, and the superstition grows that they bring amour and good fortune to their wearers. Mary Pickford vows that this is true, and having once cornered the market as "America's Sweetheart," she should know a thing or two about love.

A salon in her own cheerful four-room apartment is Mildred Blount's current setting. She lives alone. She has given some thought to marriage, but her career to date has been too demanding to guarantee any time for a husband.



**MESH FOR EVENING** says Mildred Blount, possibly out of consideration for the guys who have to sit behind them at the theatre. The blonde wears black with delicate pink velvet bows, while silver mesh is swirled around her companion's curls.



**RARE STYLE BOOKS** from 900 A. D. to the present day are in the personal library from which Mildred Blount gets information on what matrons and mites have worn in ages past. She gets a kick out of comparing current style-magazines with old issues, and spotting a "brand-new" style popular 200 years ago. Her collection of Harpers Bazaar dates back more than 50 years.



**GLORIA VANDERBILT** wore a Blount-designed creation of almost priceless lace at her wedding to Pat di Cicco. A tight cap of lace was backed with a high sunburst ruffle of starched tulle. From it cascaded a long ruffled train, with a fingertip veil to cover the face. An honored guest at many society weddings, Mildred Blount has always refused the mock humility of the back-door entrance.

**NO RELATIVE** of Horatio Alger, Hollywood's "girl with the golden hands" might well have been his sister from the kind of climb she made to get to the top of the heap.

As "Madame Clair's errand girl" in a dress and hat shop on New York's West 45th Street, high spot of Act I in her Alger career came when the thrifty Mme. C. was bawling out her milliners for wasting materials. Half-jokingly she said, "I'll bet that errand girl could make me a hat from the scraps!" Everybody giggled but Mildred, who knew a good thing when she saw it.

The offspring of Mme. Clair's scrap-bag must have been a masterpiece. That lady wore it all weekend and had so many compliments that Mildred was raised to the rank of milliner.

It took courage for her to ring the bell at John Frederics in answer to their ad for a learner, for this was the royalty of America's hatters. They were taken aback. No Negro had ever applied before. Yes, she assured them she had talent. All she asked was a chance. P.S.—She got the job.

She did the dirty work and she also gave that "something extra" of herself which has helped her all her life. She worked overtime, got headaches thinking up time-savers and hat-beautifiers. As always, it paid off. Brides wanted Mildred to make their meringue-like veils, frothy trousseau hats.

Her exhibit of hat miniatures at the N.Y. World's Fair attracted the attention of Mrs. David Selznick, and ultimately landed John Frederics the pot-of-gold assignment of the day—milliners to the tremendous cast of *Gone With The Wind*. Mildred did most of the work, although the credit line went to her employers.

Whisked to Beverly Hills to head the "specialty business" of John-Frederics, she topped off actresses' weddings, made hats for all of Hollywood's economic elite. Mildred whipped up 18 sable and velvet confections for Margaret Sullavan in *Back Street* and scaled tailored felts down to working-girl *Kitty Foyle's* income for Ginger Rogers. In *Blood and Sand* Linda Darnell was frankly flirtatious, and Blount's plumed chapeaux were right in there flirting too.



RANKING WITH BIGGEST, BRIGHTEST LIGHTS OF TIMES SQUARE IS CAFE ZANZIBAR'S HALF-BLOCK-LONG NEON SIGN DRAMATIZED IN PHOTOGRAPH GORDON PARK'S MONTAGE. CLUB IS AT 49TH STREET AND BROADWAY.

## ZANZIBUSINESS

Broadway night club is biggest employer of Negro entertainers

**B**IGGEST night club employer of top-rate Negro entertainers in all the world is the lush, lavish, leopard-spotted Cafe Zanzibar right off Times Square in New York.

Out of America's 10,000 night spots, the dazzling two-year-old Zanzibar rates top honors in its fair employment policy. It presents more and better Negro name acts at top wages than any other cafe in the country—and, undoubtedly, in the world. Current show headed by Bill Robinson has a cast of 83.

A typical Zanzibar show is a combination of half a dozen top names, every one a headliner. To peddle his attractions owner Joe Howard trots out words like

"Zanzibatomic" for his advertising copy. His chorus girls are "Zanzibeauts."

With more than half a million customers keeping his tables filled in the last year, Howard has cashed in on his idea of putting Negro talent "in a fancy showcase." More than that, he's broken down the traditional lily-white policy of most night clubs the country over. Negroes are welcomed at the Zanzibar while they weren't at the club's predecessor, the Cotton Club.

Zanziboss Howard gambled a quarter-million dollars and with clever publicity and the public's love of Negro entertainment proved that racism is not only bad manners but also bad business.

(Continued on Next Page)

# LEOPARDS AND LOIN CLOTHS

**N**EW YORK state laws provide that all races get equal treatment in public places of entertainment. But the only first rate club in the Times Square area that doesn't weasel around with excuses about "So sorry, but every table is reserved" is the Zanzibar. Nor does the Zanzibar seat Negro couples in dark corners near the kitchen or permit waiters to keep them waiting.

Occasionally the Negro press begs to differ. This couple or that couple was turned away, buzz the scribes. The Zanzibar is playing racial favorites, they claim. Stories like that try the patience of young Joe Howard, ex-cosmetic manufacturer who sunk his bankroll into the Zanzibar and struck it rich.

"Why don't they pick on the million Jim Crow spots in town?" he asks angrily. "I always give Negroes the same breaks whites get. Naturally I like to 'dress my cafe' with lovely women, well-dressed and well-mannered couples. Any proprietor does that. But I don't care what color my ringside couples are.

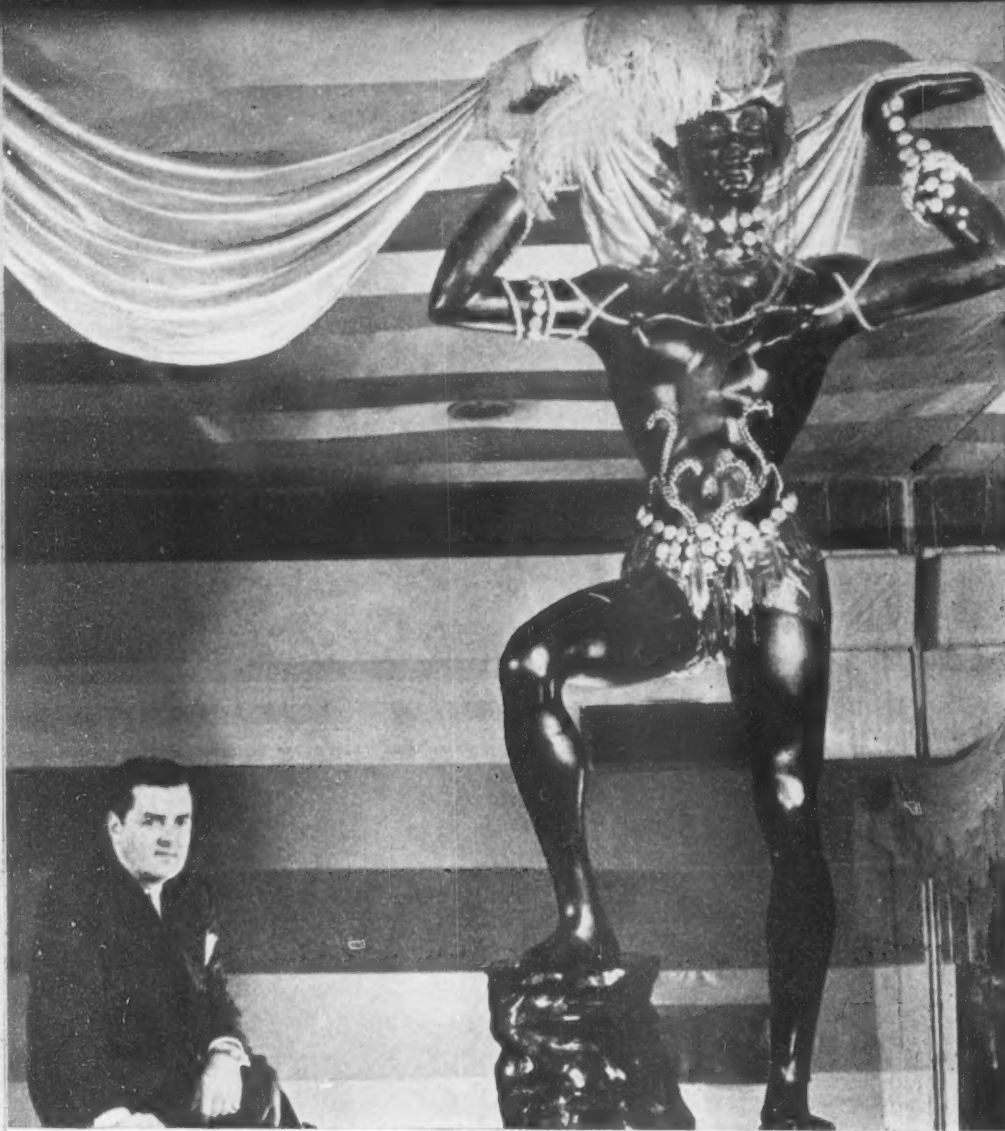
"Sure I turn away Negroes who show up without phoning for reservations on a crowded night. I turn away whites too! Difference is that whites don't run and tell a reporter. Main thing is this: Even if it weren't bad ethics, it would be bad business not to honor reservations of Negroes. If word gets around that a club turns people away to whom they've promised a table, it gets a bad name."

Despite the occasional stories in the Negro press, Zanzibar and Cafe Society are the only big uptown places which have a reputation that would encourage a Negro couple to go dancing without fear of snide, within-the-law, but still nasty discrimination. Ever since he opened the first Zanzibar Howard never thought of treating Negroes except as regular guests. Not that he is not conscious of color—he had it very much in mind when he quit managing Jack Dempsey's restaurant to go on his own. "I wanted to put Negro talent in a showcase," he says. "Everywhere else where I'd seen all-Negro shows, they were shabby or just monotonous. The Zanzibar is just as big and beautiful as any club which features white talent."

Why didn't he put on shows which mixed Negroes and whites as Barney Josephson does at Cafe Society? "Oh, you can't compare Zanzibar and Cafe Society. That sort of thing just wouldn't fit in here. I've got to have uniformity in my show. Josephson spotlights intimate, intellectual entertainment—mine is a big club with a big line of girls, lots of glitter and sock. A mixed show would mess it up."

Howard loves the word "sock"—and to him "sock" is the African atmosphere of the Zanzibar. The name of the club came off a war map, he recalls. "It just rose up and hit me in the eye." Then he followed through with leopard decor, loin-clothed statues of black goddesses with jewelled breasts.

When it comes to his kitchen, however, Howard draws the line on African food. It's strictly American or Chinese (American version, of course, with Moo Goo Guy Pan, translated white meat chicken, menued for \$3.50).



**ZANZIBOSS** Joe Howard takes pride in two of his favorites—his giant, bejeweled Nubian statue and 42-inch-high, cigar-smoking Peewee Marquette, official greeter for the Zanzibar.







**GUESTS** at the Zanzibar include lots of servicemen. They come from every part of the country, including the South, but the club has never had any "incidents" over its Negro clientele. The horseshoe-shaped tiers of tables seat 750 comfortably.



**DRINKS** at Zanzibar, like all night spots, are high. A Tom Collins is 85 cents, a bottle of beer 65 cents. Highest item on the menu is sirloin steak at \$4. Average check of Zanzibar customers comes to \$4.50. Minimum is \$3.50 but there is no cover charge.



**DANCERS** make the most of the Zanzibar's unusually large floor. With music of two top-rate bands, jitterbugs go to town. Best drawing bands are Duke Ellington and Cab Calloway. The club is virtually always filled and turning away disappointed customers.

## ZANZIBAR SELLS BIG NAMES, NO BIAS AT BARGAIN PRICES

**ASIDE** from big names and no discrimination, Zanzibar's biggest sales point is "bargain prices." Zanziboss Howard boasts he gives his customers most for the least money. He recognizes that night clubs are big business and that big business operates best on mass production, assembly-line methods which make its products available to the average man.

Howard tries to make it easy for fellows to give their dates a big night at comparatively low prices—and still make lots of money for the Zanzibar. He advertises a full-course dinner for "as little as two dollars"—but only chicken croquettes are \$2. Add a couple of drinks, a checkroom tip, and a gardenia for the girl friend and it's expensive. But, Howard says, nothing like other clubs in the same bracket, and New York Post Saloon Editor Earl Wilson insists the Zanzibar is "the most show for your money."

"Zan-zee-ba-ar!" is the lyrical bellow which opens every show at the cafe. It is famous via radio advertising even among old ladies and little children who

would never go to a night spot. Peewee Marquette, diminutive meeter and greeter for all the guests, does the bellowing after an exotic, mellow gong sounds through the huge club. Peewee's job is to put everyone at ease. Between shows he circulates among the guests, chats with celebrities, points out the big shots to ordinary folks. The 28-year-old midget has been in show business since he was 13, still gets a chance to try out his old act when a Zanzibar star is ill. He thinks nothing of trying to date up a beautiful 5-foot-6 girl whom he has just met.

Peewee is one of the big army of Zanzibar employes who draw a weekly payroll of more than \$11,000. Lowest paid by Howard are the 70 waiters who get only \$20 a week but make a young fortune in tips.

Howard is as busy as the proverbial one-armed paperhanger running the Zanzibar. Once an ambitious drummer and singer, he's given up lessons because the club takes so much time. He's on hand every night from 7 to 1:30 and sometimes has to stay until dawn.

A thorough showman, he takes care of every detail from buying food to designing costumes for his chorus girls. He superintends rehearsals, outlines acts, takes special delight in dreaming up strange lighting effects such as dark legs one-two-three kicking against fluorescent ruffled skirts in a can-can or "rain" falling across a line of chorines with umbrellas.

Seemingly a placid, heavy-set young man, he never gets very excited except when discussing the Zanzibar, his only "creative outlet." He draws pictures on menus of dance routines he has figured out for Bill "Bojangles" Robinson to tap up and down stairs in an admiral's uniform. "There," he says proudly, "is an act which has sock!"

He gets the same pleasure out of contemplating the Zanzibar ceiling covered with the costly velvet used for women's clothes. The club's expensive details, like the velvet ceiling and the bejewelled giants in the entrance hall—all of these add up. But the original \$250,000 investment is paying off—Zanzibar's seating capacity is always jammed.



**NOTABLES** are always welcome at night clubs and get ringside seats because they attract customers. Here is uncrowned welterweight champ Ray Robinson and his wife greeting friends.



**FLOOR SHOW** wins applause from Mrs. Ray Robinson. There are three shows a night, personnel changing every two months or so. Show is billed as "The International Laugh-Lease Revue."



**ELLA FITZGERALD** is a Zanzibar favorite, always sings *A Tisket, A Tasket* because crowds expect it. She dislikes solo, would much rather sing with a band.



**TOP ATTRACTION** of all time at Zanzibar are the Ink Spots. Ex-choirboy Bill Kenny getting dressed after the show is their boss, owns name after long suit against Moe Gale. Requests always call for *If I Didn't Care* which has sold more than one million records. Kenny doesn't drink or smoke, can sing indefinitely.



**BIG SUCCESS** on Broadway was first achieved by half-Negro, half-Italian Maurice Rocco after the standup piano pounder broke in at the Zanzibar. He uses an electric piano to put over his boogie woogie. One night the juice went dead and he could hardly be heard.



**CLAUDE HOPKINS** wears smoked glasses not for glamour or as a disguise to protect him against bobby-soxers but to save his tired eyes from strong spotlights. Previously billed as an intermission band at Zanzibar, Joe Howard plans to build up the Hopkins outfit as a star band in its own right. As far as the boss is concerned, glittery specialty acts, not name bands, draw the mobs to Zanzibar.

# ZANZIBANDS

**E**VERY top Negro band in the nation has played a date at the Zanzibar. However Zanziboss Howard believes that individual performers are a better drawing card than an orchestra. Two exceptions he makes are Ellington and Calloway. "My place is less of a night club than a theater restaurant," Howard insists.

Highest-ranking all-time magnet at the Zanzibar are the Ink Spots, also the highest paid quartet in the world. Now back in circulation after a long court wrangle over who owned the title, the Ink Spots zoomed high in the show world a short time after their discovery. Their name originated when their perplexed manager, trying to think up a title for the one-time singing porters, tapped his pen against his teeth while groping for an idea. The pen splattered ink spots all over the blank paper before him and the title was born.

Bill Kenny, who owns the name, is a boy soprano whose voice never changed. His twin brother, Herb, newest member of the outfit, was kibitzing a tryout one day, muttered to his brother, "Naw, naw, he should say it *this way*" and proceeded to give with the lazy guttural growl in exact imitation of Hoppy Jones, whose death had caused the vacancy in the quartet.

There is a "theory of art" behind the unique technique known to juke-box fans across the country, and Bill doesn't want anybody to laugh at it. "I sing it high, tenderly, lyrically, the way a gorgeous girl would want it," explains Bill, his precise diction giving away his father's West Indian background. "Then Herb growls it, the way any tough cat on the street-corner would, gruff with words like 'honey' and 'baby' in the lyric."

That way, presumably, the Ink Spots appeal to men and women in one song.



**COOTIE WILLIAMS'** love life revolves about his wonderful trumpet, and when he is away from that horn, as he is here in his narrow, stiflingly hot dressing-room on the second floor back stage, he is gloomy, uncommunicative. His big jumping band tends to drown out conversation at choice ringside tables, especially when he cuts loose with *Jumpin At The Zanzibar*.



ZANZIBEAUTS JEAN HOOPER AND ROZETTA DAVIS ARE TYPICAL OF THE \$50-WEEK CHORINES, WORK FROM 7 TO 3 A.M.



**P**ERMANENT fixture at the Zanzibar is Mrs. Carolyn Ruehl, (right) white wardrobe mistress who "mothers" the Zanzibeauts.

"They're just like my daughters. I'm sure they'd tell me all their troubles if they had any," she smiles, sewing a Gay Deceiver into a fluffy costume, "but they're the happiest girls in the world." All the can-can dresses have "falsies," she explains—they help keep the strapless decolletages in place, and make waistlines look smaller by contrast.

Also permanent party backstage at the cafe is Tiny Ray, (right) the stage manager. "I just make sure that the show goes on on time." Now graying, and with a tendency to take out his too-tight false teeth around the time the late show goes on, he was one of the "Three Eddies," a dance team featured in *Blackbirds of 1922*.





**BEST-DRESSED CHORUS GIRLS IN ANY NIGHT CLUB IS ZANZIBAR'S PROUD BOAST.**

# ZANZIBEAUTS

**I**NHERITING the tradition of the famed Cotton Club of another era, the \$250,000 Zanzibar has done a remarkable job of selling Negro stars to the public. Its chorines, billed as the Zanzibeauts, are worthy descendants of famous Cotton

Club girls like Lena Horne. They are good-looking, coffee-colored. Several are married—one having two children. Each Zanzibeaut has three costumes, each of which costs up to \$175. They get home each night about 4 a.m.

**RUSTY STANFORD IS TIRED AFTER WORKING THREE SHOWS**



**DRESSING TO GO HOME, ALICE BISHOP IS STILL BRIGHT-EYED**





**DATES** are seldom made by Zanzibeauts with males from the Zanzibar show. This is not a house rule; they just prefer outsiders. Here is Rozetta Davis talking to the boy friend, who'll meet her after work. She's wearing a play suit to relax.



**LEG MAKEUP** is put on with a sponge by Rozetta for the first 8 o'clock show. Between 8 and midnight stint, girls go to nearby restaurants for dinner.



**LONG WAIT** between shows is tiresome. Rozetta waits around for signal to go on.



**FINISHED** for the night, Rozetta's suddenly fresh and chipper. Gregory Peck's her pinup boy backstage although her mind now is on her boy friend.

# CLASSROOMS MINUS COLOR

**S**PREAD ACROSS the map of the United States in schoolhouses from coast to coast sit youngsters today who will tomorrow be the President and Congressmen of this nation.

Somewhere in classrooms throughout the country are the kids who will decide in the year 1980 whether America will continue to be a democracy.

How these children of today will write the history of tomorrow is being decided right now. In thousands of schools, the raw material of the nation's youth is being cast, moulded and forged into tomorrow's citizens.

What kind of men will Americans be in the year 2000? It doesn't take a crystal ball or soothsayer to look into the future. Go into the nearest schoolroom in the year 1946 and get a glimpse at the year 2000.

It isn't a uniform picture. It runs every shade of opinion from right to left, every income from rich to poor, every emotion from hate to love, every color from white to black. It forecasts tomorrow's headlines—headlines that trumpet a new dawn for democracy.

Go into New York City's Horace Mann-Lincoln School and you'll get a refreshing whiff of tomorrow's democracy. Here the gloves are off in the battle against racism and daring teachers are slugging it out against intolerance to turn the tide against supermen theories.

Here at "the cradle of progressive education," teachers and parents of the foremost private school in the United States, have put their heads together to take the fight against hate out of dull, dried and dreary "civics" and "citizenship" classes. They've actually put "civics" and "citizenship" into practice—real, alive, vibrant—in the unique, remarkable HML Neighborhood Center that is a symbol of the spreading war against color prejudice in public, private and religious schools the country over.

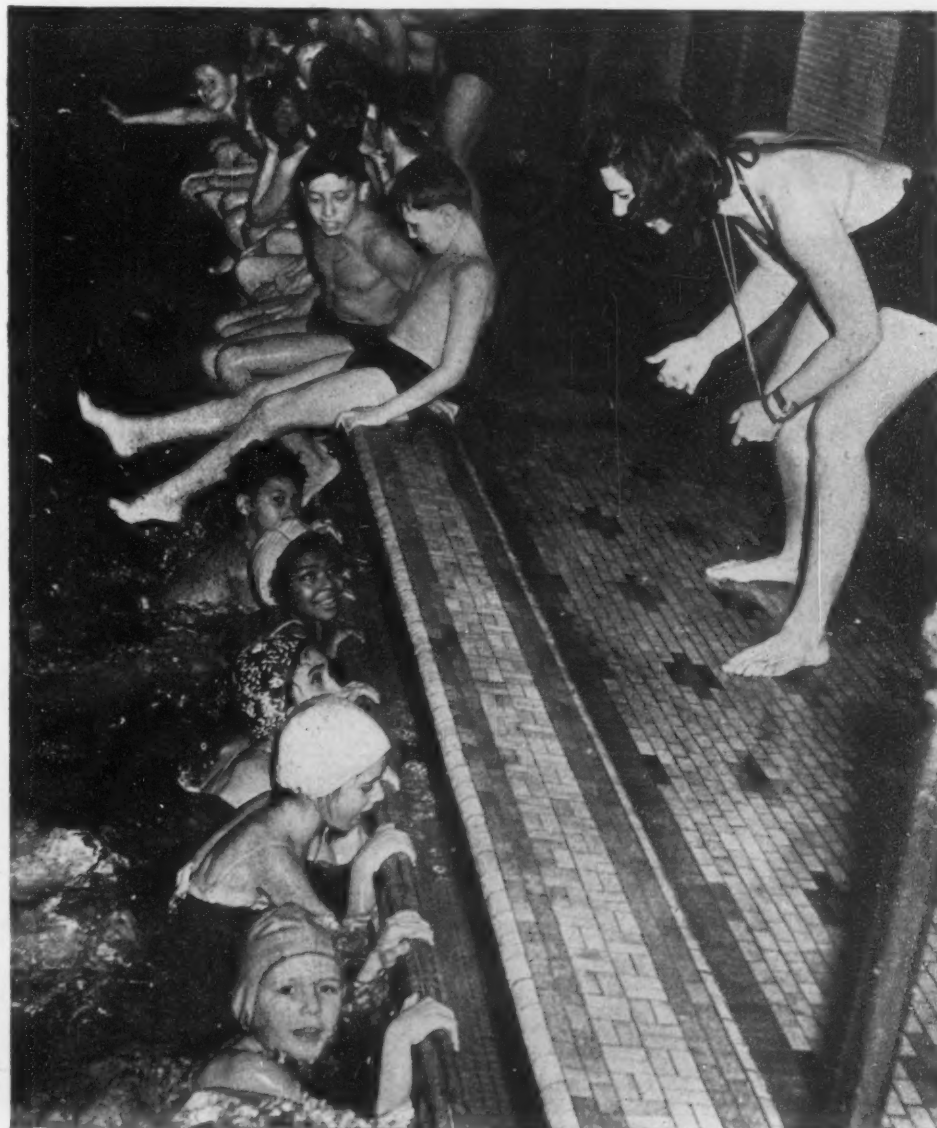
What's so remarkable about HML doing a bangup job against discrimination in all shapes and forms is that it's strictly a rich man's school (\$600 tuition in the high school is higher tuition than in most colleges). Normally private schools like HML turn out the cream of the crop—snooty, snobby, swellegant aristocrats with old school ties. Normally a \$600-per-year-tuition education is strictly "for whites only," usually results in looking down at minority folks.

But HML is "progressive" in every sense of the word. Despite the rich economic background and high intellectual capacity of its youngsters, it believes in democracy—and making it more than a word. Result was the opening up of its lavish building, complete with swimming pool, shop equipment, gym, to its Harlem neighbors last Fall.

HML didn't go slumming, however, and just hand the poor kids a quick, charitable smell at how the penthouse folks live. The school figured the Negro lads and lassies from the tenements had something to teach its own Fauntleroy's. And it gathered together 300 tykes—rich and poor, primped and ragged, white and black—mixed them thoroughly and cooked up the sweetest deal in democracy lots of the kids had seen in a lifetime.



**SWIMMING** together in the elegant Horace Mann-Lincoln School pool, youngsters find nothing unusual in the black and white pattern. Everyone is examined for athlete's foot (above) before taking a dip. Although most New York swimming pools run strictly on a Jim Crow basis, the ritzy HML "swimming hole" draws no color line.





**AN ASPIRING KID VIOLINIST** is coached for the center's orchestra by James Dorsey, head of Hampton Institute's music division.



**CARPENTRY** calls for cooperation and this Negro lad takes a bit of coaching from a white friend with a smile.

## HML SCHOOL FINDS ASSOCIATION

**R**ACE PREJUDICE is only a century old. Somewhere in the last 100 years, the idea of racial superiority was planted to take root and grow like a noxious weed in the adult mind.

To hoe the weed out of modern American life, the Horace Mann-Lincoln School follows conventional farming methods—kill the weed before it kills the plant. If America's children, the citizens of tomorrow, are to be saved from the tragedy of hate-ism, the job of planting a thriving democracy must be done now, the HML directors believe along with most competent educators.

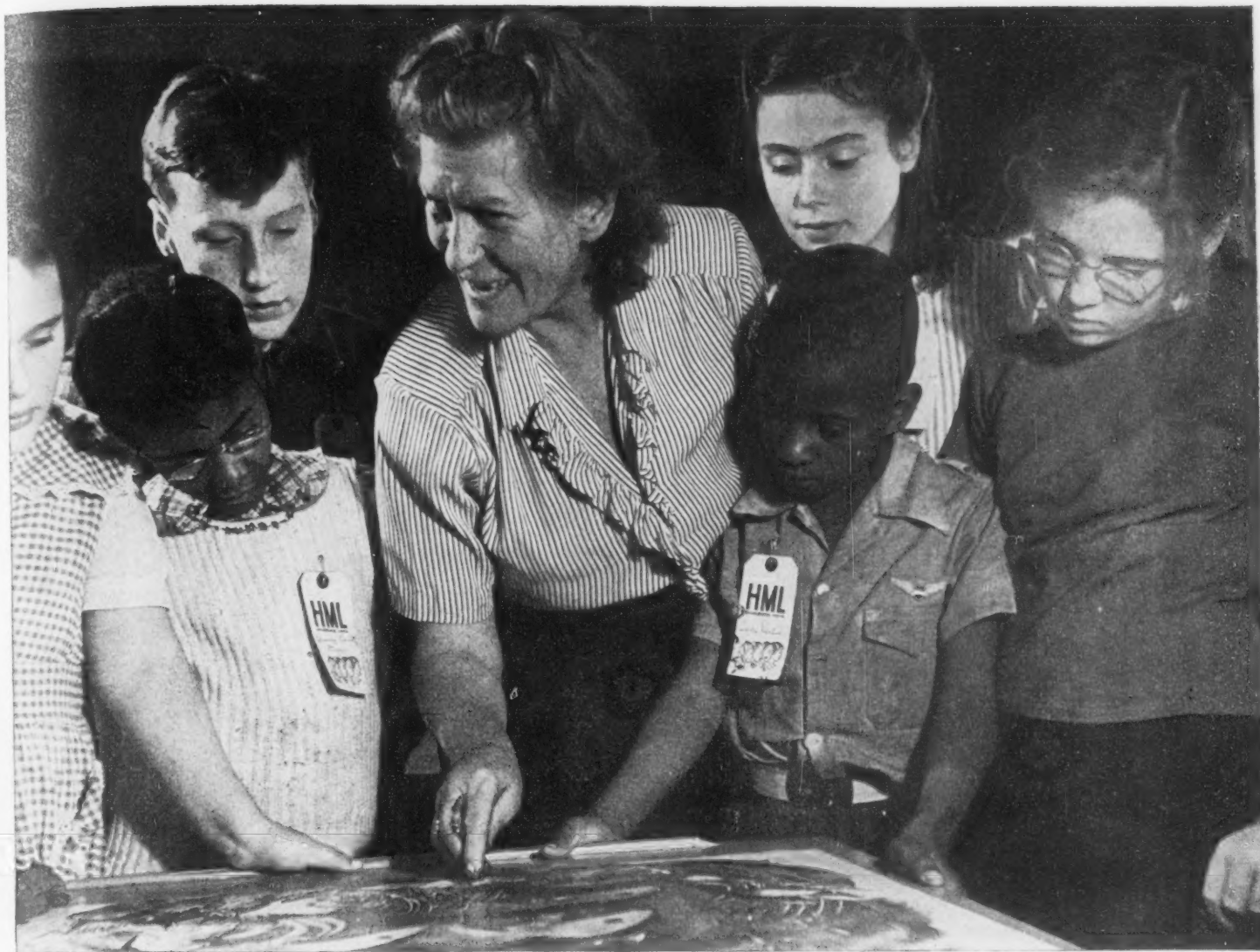
Born clean, fresh and untainted by the virus of racism, tots have no hate lists, know no color lines. They accept each other on the basis of likeable personalities rather than complexions. HML is doing what it can to keep them that way, to prevent fair play and decent manners from doing a fadeout in the critical teen years.

The flourishing HML Neighborhood Center on the edge of Negro Harlem endeavors to counterattack the influence of prejudiced parents, fights against handed-down hates which crop out early in one kid telling another: "My mother says I can't play with you anymore. She says you got minorities or something." (See Bill Mauldin's recent syndicated cartoon).

Each Saturday afternoon HML throws open its gates to a flock of kids, picked because they represent a cross-section of New York. The theory behind the project is that association is the best antidote for segregation. And throwing 300 jolly, frolicking kids together in an atmosphere designed for good times proved their point.

Negro children from jammed, battered tenements in Harlem played and worked merrily with pint-sized Park Avenue offspring. Japanese-American boys and girls rubbed shoulders with youngsters who could recite their family tree back to the Mayflower. Sons and daughters of the social register learned from





**FINGER PAINTING EXPERT** Ruth Shaw tells stories with paints, weaves lessons of democracy into the crude creations of the kids.

## BEST ANTIDOTE FOR SEGREGATION

little Puerto Rican boys whose dads dug ditches what life off of Fifth Avenue and Riverside Drive was like. Best of all, they found out skin color was no more important in a friend than the color of his hair or eyes.

No. 1 man in the whole project was a skilled pediatrician, Dr. C. K. Cayley, a HML parent who joined with other fathers and mothers of HML students to pitch in a \$4,000 bankroll for the unusual project. Together the fathers and sons, mothers and daughters also put in long hours. Some 30 HML high school students volunteered and accepted bothersome little jobs like checking 300 hats and coats and tying 300 dog tags on the tots.

Thirteen trained teachers were put on the payroll to handle the youngsters.

Miracle of miracles, it wasn't long before not a single youngster had the least bit of desire to play hookey. These were school days they really enjoyed. And they learned the most important lesson America has for its younger generations—democracy does work.

Tough, tragic decision for the steady customers at the HML Neighborhood Center is the plan of the Teachers College of Columbia University, sponsors of the HML School, to close shop by June, 1947, to end its experiments in progressive education and work with public rather than private schools. This will shut the Neighborhood Center too.

But despite the "out of business" sign at HML, the spark of brotherhood and good will which it kindled is spreading like a forest fire. For the biggest miracle of the HML test in tolerance is that it is no longer a lone oasis in the desert. In settlement houses and community centers all over the nation, the "mix 'em up" idea is grabbing hold.

While no overnight revolution in racial relations is expected, the sum total of this new education for democracy is slowly but surely adding up in new assets for America.



**MAP-MAKING** gives children a chance to work together and learn how to make the world work together.



**GYMNASTICS** are fun, encourage group play and friendly "taking turns." HML assemblies usually feature minority groups, explain simply the contribution of each nationality and race to America.

**STUDENT HATE** strikes are grabbing the headlines these days, but the quiet unassuming down-to-earth teaching for tolerance in schools both North and South is more than matching the assault of ambitious native fascists. Most significant salient has been driven into the Southern stronghold of the Bilbos and Rankins. Chalk up these gains to the Conference on Education and Race Relations, a little-known but hard-working outfit with its front line headquarters right in Atlanta, Georgia.

Their block-busters against the citadel of Jim Crow consists of pamphlets like *America's Tenth Man*, a 16-page piece on the Negro's bit in building a better America. Distributed in more than 1,000 schools, some 275,000 copies have produced results like:

- The Junior class in a Biloxi Miss., high school holding a "book shower" and visiting a Negro school to present the book collection to the colored students.

- The student body of the St. Petersburg, Fla., High School interviewing local Negro leaders and writing four booklets on the local Negro's role in community life.

- Youngsters in an Appomattox, Va., white school writing to African countries to get information on the real background the Negro in America.

In the North, where in many instances the need for introducing the darker brother to the white brother is just as acute as in the South, a dozen and one different types of tolerance-training projects are mushrooming in schoolhouses.



**LISTENING** to her own writing helps Ann Petry get the feel of her characters. In the midst of composition, she lights a cigarette and reads a passage aloud to herself. Authors she most admires are Richard Wright, Theodore Dreiser and James Joyce.

## FIRST NOVEL

Ann Petry defies tradition and hits the jackpot in 'The Street'

**M**OST FIRST novels of top-ranking American authors never get to first base. The first work of Ernest Hemingway (*In Our Time*), Sinclair Lewis (*Our Mr. Wrenn*) and John Steinbeck (*Cup of Gold*) is pretty much forgotten.

Strictly a phenomenon then is the series of successful first novels by Negro authors starting with Richard Wright's *Native Son* and continuing today with Ann Petry's *The Street*. And no one is more surprised by the remarkable reception and sales of these two hard-hitting, anti-

prejudice works than the authors.

There is a strange kind of humility about Ann Petry's approach to writing. She never had the faintest idea of winning a Houghton-Mifflin Literary Fellowship when she submitted five chapters of her book. She just hoped she'd get some competent evaluation of her faults as a writer. Instead of a rejection, she won the year's fiction fellowship. And now on book stalls throughout the nation, *The Street* is a fast seller. Like Wright, Ann Petry broke the rule that first novels rarely are successful.

(Continued on Next Page)



**GETTING READY** for her literary debut, Ann Petry is helped by friend, Dolly Lowther, with a corsage of orchids sent to her by her publishers the afternoon of the tea for her at the Biltmore Hotel in New York.



**A BIT SHAKY** before her big moment, Ann gets courage buoyed up by husband George and Henry Laughlin, president of Houghton-Mifflin Co., which published *The Street* after awarding her their 1945 Literary Fellowship.

## HORS D'OEUVRE AND GIN

**I**N THESE DAYS of extravagant advertising and press agentry, literary teas and cocktail parties given to introduce new authors to strategic editors, critics and book sellers take a top spot in the launching of a new book.

For book publishers, the literary cocktail party is a peculiarly valuable institution as it enables them to send off their fledging writers in an atmosphere charged with intellectuality, hors d'oeuvres and gin. It is an excellent creator of good will and invariably affords an enjoyable time to all except the author, who is generally harassed by introductions, handshakes and an intensive barrage of talk that is variously brilliant, mediocre or downright dull.

Ann Petry was launched, much in the same fashion as a new ship except for the champagne bottle, at a cocktail party held in New York's Hotel Biltmore by her publishers, Houghton-Mifflin. Her debut was attended by over 200 guests who downed large quantities of liquor, consumed several huge trays of hors d'oeuvres and indulged in a surplus of conversation. By and large the evening was a success—many guests left convinced that they had participated in a significant event in American literary history.

Of those invited to the cocktail party 40 per cent were Negroes. Although the novel went on sale the following day, after having rolled up an advance sale of 20,000, most of the guests had already read it. From the moment the first guests started arriving at 5:30 p.m. to the departure of the last some two hours later, Ann Petry's brilliant first novel was vigorously discussed.

Most of the comments were favorable, although several pointed criticisms were heard. Arthur B. Spingarn, New York corporation lawyer and veteran NAACP figure, thought the novel "well written but terribly defeatist." Spingarn's criticism was balanced by enthusiastic praise by Orville Prescott, New York Times book critic, who described *The Street* as "a perfectly grand book," which he said he preferred to Richard Wright's *Native Son*.

"She makes her characters come alive in a wonderful way," Prescott said.

Miss Petry stayed in one spot throughout the evening, met and talked to ninety-five per cent of the guests. At party's end she was a very tired young woman.

"I'm completely worn out," she sighed, after two hours of intensive handshaking and chatting. For her husband, ex-GI George Petry, the evening had been less of an ordeal, though he admitted having a mild resentment at being introduced as "Ann Petry's husband." Petry himself is a writer who has concentrated on the pulp field. He writes detective stories.

Mrs. Petry is now working on a second novel which she modestly hopes will be "better than the first one." She will disclose little about it beyond the fact that it is about Negroes "and other minorities as well."

She admits to being primarily interested in writing about Negro life though she will not say she will never write a book with a non-Negro theme. "For the moment," she says, "I am mainly concerned with Negro life."

She hopes that she can consider herself a "definite progressive" on political and social matters. She finds the label "liberal" a trifle vague and a little confusing.



**TOP CRITICS** of New York papers, Orville Prescott of the New York Times and Lewis Gannett of New York Herald-Tribune chat with Ann and actor Canada Lee.



**NOTED AUTHORS** John Dos Passos and Stuart Cloete meet a newcomer to their ranks and offer a toast to the success of *The Street*. Ann writes in longhand, then types script.

**ANN PETRY'S** *The Street* is a first novel of high merit. It tells the story of the hopes and struggles of Lutie Johnson, a pretty young Negro girl caught in the grip of Harlem's 116th Street with its poverty, crime and inhumanity.

The novel describes the dominating role of the street in the lives of its inhabitants and reveals the forces organized to stifle the aspirations of the Negroes of this and countless other American urban communities. Ann Petry obtained her knowledge of the people of Harlem's teeming streets as a result of observant study of them.

Mrs. Petry, whose maiden name is Ann Lane, is a modest, hard-working writer who lives in the Bronx and is indifferent to the acclaim which has come to her. She worked five years on Harlem newspapers to get the material for her book.

She started writing *The Street* in the Fall of 1944 and in November she submitted a synopsis to Houghton-Mifflin. She hoped to get some valuable criticisms.

She waited patiently for the expected curt rejection notice—and the manuscript.

When, in February, 1945, she was informed that she had won the year's fiction fellowship, she was overwhelmed. "I couldn't believe it," she says. "I actually never believed I'd have won it. I expected to have the manuscript returned, either completely rejected, or with a few suggestions for its improvement. The most I thought I'd get was some good, sound, professional literary criticism."

She recalls that she immediately notified her husband, George David Petry, then in the Army with the special service department at Camp Lee, Va., that she was a literary prize-winner. He wrote right back to say that he was not at all surprised, that he had expected her to win the award all along.

To get background for her book, "I was on 116th Street every day and every night for one year," she says. "I knew its every block. But *The Street* is not necessarily 116th Street. It could have been any side street in Harlem."

There was never a real Lutie Johnson in her life. Lutie, she says, is a "fabrication in the sense that the character was not meant to portray a real person."

Lutie Johnson is a symbol of the frustrated and wretchedly exploited Negro woman. Mrs. Petry has burning convictions on the subject of women in general and Negro women in particular.

"In my life I have known and seen many Lutie Johnsons, Negro women whose experiences and tragedies followed a similar pattern. In my novel Lutie is a symbol of the plight of so many Negro women who have had to support families without being able to depend on the income of the male member of the family. Most Negro women, in fact, have a pitiful heavy load to bear."

In line with this passionate interest in women's problems Mrs. Petry is active in fighting for greater social rights and security for women. She is executive secretary of Negro Women Inc., a kind of pressure group of New York Negro women who are dedicated to advancing the status of Negro women and all women.



**ACTRESS** Cornelia Otis Skinner and Ann talk about literature at the Biltmore tea. Her first published story was in *The Crisis*.



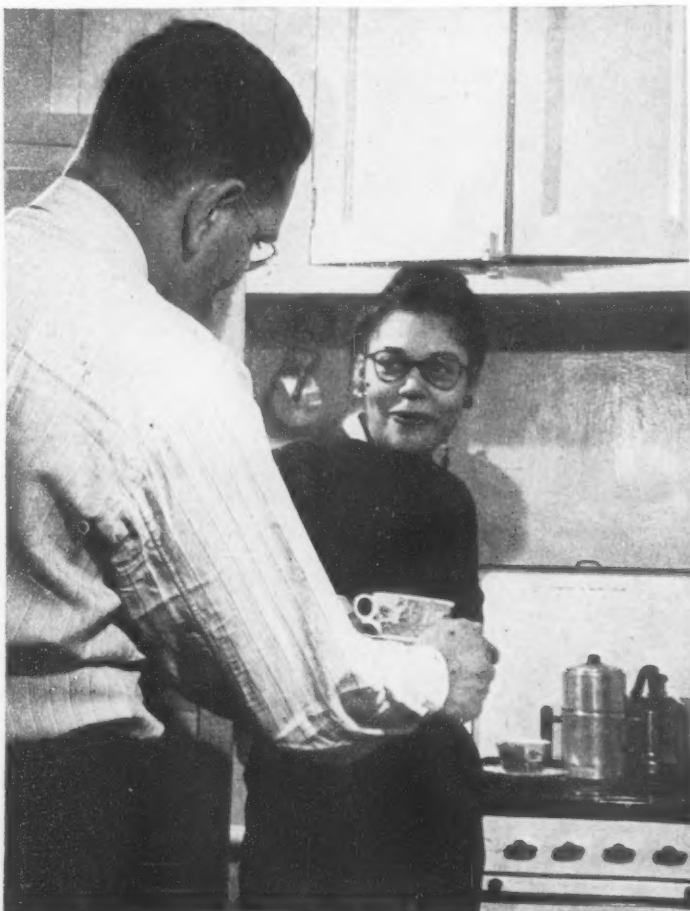
**BOOK EDITOR** and author Bucklin Moon and actress Jane White recently in *Strange Fruit*, enjoy a little tete a tete.



**WHEN WRITING**, Ann wears comfortable shirt and slacks. All of *The Street* was written during her husband's 28 months in the army. She lived on \$2400 Houghton-Mifflin prize.



**FAVORITE HOBBY** for Ann is painting. Before sun-flooded windows in her Brox apartment, she dons a smock, sets up easel and wields brush for diversion.



**HELPFUL HUSBAND** is Ann's claim for George. She says she can't blame him for resenting being called "Ann Petry's husband." They have no children, belong to Congregational Church.



**STROLL** in snow-covered Bronx Park is regular part of the Petry routine. Park is across the street from apartment house in which they live. Her first New York job was selling advertising.



**A GRADUATE PHARMACIST,** Ann Petry still occasionally steps into the lab to mix a prescription while on weekend visits to her family's drugstore in Saybrook, Conn. Her grandfather was a chemist, her father, an aunt and uncle are druggists.

**ANN PETRY** was born and brought up in Saybrook, Conn., a town of 1500, which is in a beautiful section of the state, quiet, unhurried, and with plenty of open space.

She started writing while in high school, specializing in short stories that were never published.

The ancient profession of pharmacy appealed to her and she began work toward a state license at the University of Connecticut, firmly determined to make a first-class pharmacist and perhaps help rescue the modern drug store from the tentacles of the soda fountain and make it revert to

its original function of dispensing drugs.

Pharmacy was in the family tradition. Her father ran a drug store in Saybrook as did her uncle in nearby Old Lyme. After graduation she embarked on a prescription-filling career.

She worked as a licensed pharmacist for three years before she met George Petry, a New Yorker, in Hartford, ten years ago. They were married in Saybrook in 1938 and came to New York to make a home.

Her first newspaper job came in 1940 when she went to work for the New York Amsterdam News in the advertising de-

partment. Late in 1945 she changed jobs and joined the staff of *The People's Voice*. For nearly eight months she was woman's editor of the paper.

She left *The Voice* in June, 1944 to enter social work, becoming a "recreation specialist" employed by the New York Foundation to work with "problem children" in Public School No. 10 at St. Nicholas Avenue and 116th Street. This work brought her into steady and intimate contact with the people of that tragic thoroughfare of which she wrote in *The Street*—116th Street.

# HOW LONG CAN A NEGRO LIVE?

**H**OW LONG can an American live?

U. S. medical men, searching for the secret of life, are speculating that a new formula may one day be discovered to keep all men alive to the age of 200. Already in Russia the noted physiologist Alexander A. Bohomolets has reported a new serum which delays premature aging.

Some scientists feel that the glandular and circulatory systems are the key to longer life and are intently studying theories about these two phases of man's anatomy with the hope of adding another 100 and perhaps 150 years to the average man's life.

While doctors peer through microscopes and gaze at test tubes looking for the formula that will keep man living until he is 200, at least 13 million Americans are interested in the more immediate problem of how to live until 65. They are the darker brothers of the nation, the forsaken stepchildren whom no magic serum can aid, who just need the little something in healthy, normal living in white neighborhoods to make them live longer.

## Death Strikes At 53

**H**OW LONG can a Negro live?

If he's average, he'll keep alive for 53 years.

Take away the one gram of melanin in the skin that makes him black and he'll be 65 before death strikes. That's how long the average white lives.

It's not the melanin that kills the Negro at 53. It's what goes with melanin. It's Jim Crow, lack of doctors, slums, poll taxes, janitor jobs, fat back and everything that is part and parcel of the racist system of living for Negroes in America.

How can the Negro live longer—live to be 65, as do most white people?

The answer is simple as two plus two make four.

It is written in the vital statistics compiled by the U.S. Bureau of Census. In 1900 when less than one out of every two Negroes could read and write, the life expectancy of the Negro was only 34. By 1940 when nine out of ten Negroes were literate, a colored baby could expect to live until 53.

Follow the advance in literacy down the line in improvements in housing, education, wages, recreation, medical facilities and doctors have an answer to their search for the secret of longer life—at least for one tenth of the population of America.

It is no accident that the death rate for Negroes before the Civil War was much lower than in the immediate years following Appomattox. When Negroes were slaves, the personal property of plantation masters, they were well cared for and lived longer. When they became wage workers, the outcasts of a labor-glutted industrial society, they were subject to the worst kind of hardship and privation. The death rate soared to 40 per 1,000, comparable to the worst sections of India and China.

How long a Negro lives depends on how he lives.

## Posters Won't Do It

**I**N OBSERVING National Negro Health Week, the first week of this month, it is important that health not be considered in a vacuum, something to do purely with diseases. That danger is implicit in the national program sponsored by the U.S. Public Health Service, admirable and meritorious as its campaign is. The greatest stress in National Negro Health Week is placed on prevention of disease. That has been the pattern set since the first Health Week organized by Booker T. Washington in 1912.

But the scourge of disease in Negro America is not merely a matter of bad sanitation and lack of medical knowledge. Bad health among Negroes cannot be alleviated by beautiful posters and tons of printed literature about what to do and what not to do.

Negro disease is a direct product of Jim Crow.

How healthy the Negro population is depends on how soon the color line cracks in America.

Many medical men speak of Negro health as if it were something separate and apart from the general health picture of America. But there is no such animal as Negro health—any more than there is Irish health or Armenian health. The well-being of the American whose skin is dark cannot be segregated from that of the American whose skin is white. The Army discovered that during World War II. Every time a Negro youth was rejected for bad health, a white lad had to be accepted to take his place. And when the bullets and grenades took their toll in the Battle Of The Bulge they did not differentiate between white and black.

Medical statistics have long ago disproved that there is any special Negro susceptibility to certain disease. Research has showed living conditions rather than biological differences cause more Negroes to be stricken by tuberculosis and syphilis, which are poor people's ailments. Today the Negro death rate for TB is three times that of whites, for syphilis six times as high. But as the Negro's living standards go up, the death rate goes down.

One hundred years ago in Charleston, South Carolina, the pattern was set, demonstrated conclusively that TB goes with IOUs. In 1840 when Negroes were slaves, groomed by overseers anxious to keep them in working condition, the TB rate was 266 per 100,000. By the end of the Civil War when Negroes were doomed to unskilled, common labor and dismal slums, it jumped to 411 and in 20 years more had soared to 600.

A relentless struggle for survival has been waged by the Negro ever since he was wrested from Africa in slave galleys. In the face of adversity, the remarkable strength and growth of the Negro population is a testament more to the hardiness and will to live of Negroes rather than white Americans' will to let them live.

## A National Health Program

**I**F AMERICA'S depressed tenth man is to live longer tomorrow, his hope lies in the end of racial inequalities. If ghetto-victimized Negro youth, so poignantly portrayed in Gordon Parks' touching photo on the opposite page, is to get the advantages of an intelligent health program, the need of the hour is embodied in the National Health Bill envisaged by the late Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Health is the life blood of the nation. It is America's No. 1 asset, a public utility in the largest sense of the word.

Certainly the Negro, faced with the critical problem of spanning the difference of 12 years between his life and the white man's, needs the benefits of a national health program more than anyone. Yet some ill-advised Negro doctors have openly opposed federal administration of a public health program designed to service the common man with skillful, modern medical care without regard to color or ability to pay. Tailing the organized white physicians in the American Medical Association, the all-Negro National Medical Association is opposing the National Health Bill with a shriek against socialized medicine. What a travesty that the very men who best know the dire needs of the Negro for medical facilities should throw in a monkey wrench to halt government machinery which would for the first time give colored Americans the health care they need.

In all the South with ten million Negroes, there are only 2,000 Negro physicians—one for every 5,000 people. Dentists are even scarcer. Instead of the situation getting better, it is turning for the worst. In the last decade Negro doctors in the nation decreased 5 per cent, in the South 12 per cent.

Only Federal aid can remedy the crisis in medical care for Negro America—yet Negro doctors say "No."

## Killing the Germ of Hate

**T**HE NEGRO CITIZENRY of the land has demonstrated time and time again that they want more and better medical care. Response of Negro communities to special health campaigns has always been overwhelming, in most cases better than white areas.

Ignorance, a twin brother of race prejudice, is an important foe which the Negro must conquer in his fight against disease. Too often, lack of education has deprived him of basic facts about the hazards of disease, particularly the venereal types.

National Negro Health Week is designed to overcome this weakness.

But knowledge alone will not halt the virus of disease.

The germ of race hate must be killed too.

If the life span of the Negro is to be lengthened and the abnormal ravages of disease checked, America must do more than rely on the normal progress towards a healthier, more vigorous colored population.

Death fighters looking for the magic which let Methuselah live 900 years might do well to turn their research to America's back yard where 13 million men seek to add 12 years onto their lives.

They would find a simple formula which reads: "Life plus race hate and poverty equals early death."

Subtracting the hate and poverty lengthens the life span—for whites as well as Negroes.





# FILM PARADE



LOUIS JORDAN AND VALERIE BLACK AS COLLEGE SWEETHEARTS REUNITED IN "BEWARE."

## 'BEWARE'

ATTEMPTING a departure from the usual cops-and-robbers formula of most Negro movies but actually sticking pretty close to the stereotype is *Beware*, a new 45-minute long "short" featuring lots of jiving Louis Jordan, plenty of laughs, a plot ripe with age, and an all-Negro cast.

Second in a series, it follows the smash hit *Caledonia* which also starred Jordan, and will be shown all over the country beginning this month. An Astor Picture, filmed on 46th Street in New York, its producer-director Bud Pollard devotes most of the movie to Jordan jive.



**1. STRANDED** in a one-horse town by a rail washout, Bandleader Jordan is informed by Ernest Calloway that he's in Ware, Ohio, and can get room only at Ware College, Jordan's Alma Mater.



**2. CRISIS** comes to Ware College at the Dean's office in the person of wealthy, stuffed-shirt Trustee Benjamin Ware III, (Milton Woods) who says the college is broke, must shut down. Actually athletics instructor Annabella Brown suspects that he is trying to spite her for refusing his advances. Frank Wilson, left, plays Professor Drury; Emory Richardson enacts the white-haired Dean Hargraves.



**3. ARRIVING AT COLLEGE**, Jordan gets acquainted with the mule mascot which has brought nothing but grief to Ware football teams since he went blind. Jordan and his men, all in collegiate slacks and T shirts, cheer them up with *Don't Worry 'Bout That Mule* (Jordan's record of the song hit the juke box jackpot months ago).



**4. A LOOK AT THE BOOKS** on college finances send Jordan's eyebrows up. College, it seems, has enough cash to keep ticking for another century.



**5. KEEP PUNCHING,** Jordan advises the gloomy faculty in the dean's office and reveals that he has a trick up his sleeve to save the college from closing. He plans a big dance to raise funds for his Alma Mater. Louis also renews friendship with Annabella.



**6. INTRODUCED** to the students body in class, Graduate Jordan teaches a revealing geography lesson. It's painless education about the Far West with Louis tearing into *The Land Of The Buffalo Nickel*. Students dance in the aisles.



**7. BIG DANCE** to raise money for the college is held in the gym. Students cheer wildly when Ware is forced by Jordan to announce a "mistake" and that the college will stay open. Dean clutches the sax Jordan hung around his neck while the dean happily led the band in one of the film's funniest sequences. Ware the scoundrel juggled the accounts to get even with Annabella.



**8. VILLAIN AND HERO** here have changed places since their school days at Ware years ago. Once "a shy, tongue-tied unsophisticated kid," Lucious Brokenshire Jordan was easily scared away from their mutual co-ed heart interest by a jealous and unscrupulous Ware. At the end of the movie, Ware sporting a black eye handed him by Jordan has definitely lost his last chance to win Valerie Black, who is from the cast of *Anna Lucasta*.



**9. EN ROUTE** back to New York, Jordan is the pin-up hero of every co-ed, not only because he put Ware back on its feet but because he whipped up the title-song, *Beware*, in their honor. He is also the apple of Annabella's eye. The cuddly exponent of barbells and push-ups, it turns out, has never loved another all through the years, and plans to become Mrs. Jordan before you can say "Scat." Movie, of course, ends in a clinch.



**WORK CAMPS** sponsored by Quakers are designed to give young people a taste of how less fortunate live. At Fanner House in Indianapolis, campers paid \$35 a month for privilege of cleaning some 200,000 bricks and constructing new buildings. Here are two work campers mixing mortar for a new health center. A housing project for 400 families is now being planned.



**JOB AGENCY** maintained by Friends is designed to place highly qualified Negroes in white collar and professional work. It tackles management in hope of getting jobs for Negroes in fields traditionally closed. Secretary of Specialized Placement Service is Frank S. Loescher, shown interviewing Camille Patterson, president of Fisk University senior class.

# QUAKERS

Religious sect fights race hate with love in new program for brotherhood and wins many Negro friends for 'Friends'

**OLDEST** white friends of the American Negro are the Quakers, an odd, little-known religious sect. As long ago as 1688, a band of German Quakers in Pennsylvania made the first organized protest in America against slavery.

In the 258 years since then, the Quakers have not changed a bit in their stalwart belief that there is "that of God in every man," regardless of color. To the world's most ticklish question, "Am I my brother's keeper," the Quakers have answered the loudest "Yes" of all for more than three centuries.

Strangely enough of the 120,000 Quakers in the U. S., there are only a handful

of Negroes. Somewhere in the epoch after Emancipation, Quaker concern for the Negro minority seems to have faded and Negro memberships disappeared. Alarmed with the growing acceptance of the U. S. caste system by its members, church leaders in the last score of years have reviewed Quaker contacts with the darker brother. Result has been a rapidly expanding race relations program that is winning more and more Negro friends for the "Friends" and more and more white friends for the Negro.

Sometimes ridiculed as "crackpots" because of their strange ways, Quakers today are surprisingly modern and progres-

sive, a far cry from the days when they were so filled with the Spirit that they did indeed "tremble and quake" and were dubbed by the world as "Quakers."

God dwells within you, believe the Quakers. From here it follows that he also dwells within your brother. Since God is the Father and all men are his children, how is it possible to despise one's brother because his skin is black?

Quakers pray in plain, unadorned meeting-houses, chairs are simple wooden benches. Theirs is indeed a church of all races, since none who enter are barred or segregated.

**NEW CLOTHES FOR NEEDY ALL OVER WORLD ARE MADE IN QUAKER WORKROOM IN CHICAGO.**





**RACE RELATIONS PROGRAM** of Quaker is handled by experienced leaders Clarence E. Pickett, Friends executive director and on the board of the American Council of Race Relations; G. James Fleming, secretary of the race relations committee and former regional director of the Fair Employment Practices Committee; and Homer L. Morris.

**WHILE OTHER** religious denominations quake at the mention of racial problem, the Quakers have shaken themselves out of the lethargy of segregation and prejudice and are setting an example for all churches in their militant program for racial brotherhood. Projects include:

- Sponsoring job opportunities for Negroes in fields long closed. The Placement Service contacts top management to "sell" the idea of utilizing Negroes of skill and promise in white collar, professional work.
- Arranging regular lecture tours for outstanding Negro educators in white universities.
- Building housing projects for low income Negro families. Some 400 new homes, eliminating 35 acres of the worst slums, are going up in Indianapolis in connection with the Quaker-sponsored Flanner House.

Contemplated for the future is a nationwide counselling service for the purpose of easing racial tensions in big industrial centers.

In its Philadelphia office, the American Friends Service Committee carries out in practice the tenets it teaches. On its staff, though the chief executive spots are occupied by Quakers, many races are represented. Highest ranking Negro executive is G. James Fleming, recently named secretary of the committee on race relations which is only two years old.

Quaker leaders do not claim they are accomplishing any miracles in America's race problem. But following the simple, gentle-but-firm doctrines of the Quaker tradition, they are pushing ahead in a harrassed, frustrated world.



**RACE MIXTURE** is the employment pattern in the offices of the American Friends Service Committee. Typical interracial scene is in the fiscal section (below) where contributions are tabulated or a lunchtime quintet (above) which includes Pearl Moy, Chinese; Cola Franzen, blonde from Georgia; Mary Ticker, Jewish; Yoneko Kiyohiro, Japanese, and Helena Bagley, Negro.





NEGRO QUINTUPLETS IN SOUTH AFRICA

## TWINS & TRIPLETS

NEGROES have long been known for their high birth rate—and their high rate of plural births. Because Africa is a strenuous country to live in, Mother Nature has compensated for the tremendous toll in life by giving Negroes a high rate of reproduction, according to Dr. Percy Julian, author of *The Biology of the Negro*.

In America the fertility of the Negro was exploited by the slave owners. Today the Negro has a far higher proportion of births of twins and triplets than whites. In the last census

in 1940, figures showed two sets of quadruplets born to Negro mothers compared to one set for a white mother.

Although Negroes are one out of every ten in the population, colored mothers gave birth to one out of every seven twins and one out of every five triplets born in 1940.

One of the few sets of quintuplets born in the world in the last decade, aside from the Dionnes, were the five babies which were delivered by a Negro woman in the Union of South Africa.



**TWIN ORPHANAGE** in Southern Rhodesia in Africa is run by a church mission. Twins are held unlucky by native Africans because of belief that they could not have had the same father and therefore mother has been unfaithful. Because of this most tribes used to kill the twins and mother. Now mother is allowed to live and twins are sent to this orphanage.



CO-PRODUCERS 'Reb' Spikes and Clarence Muse run over script revisions of their show. Muse is a well-known Hollywood film actor.

## BIRTH OF A MUSICAL

### Cast of Hollywood musical lives through story of their show

THIS IS a story about a musical about a musical. It is the story about *Jump, Jive N' Jam* which is about *Jump, Jive N' Jam*.

For five nights a week for the past six months, this new Los Angeles show has been having birth pains. A cast of 65 people, including a smattering of waiters, housewives, cooks, shipyard mechanics, maids and aircraft workers—all of them attracted to Hollywood by the klieg lights and glamour—have been rehearsing all that time and hoping that a financial angel would be found to raise the curtain on their new musical comedy.

And for six months they have been having exactly the same painful experiences in getting a sponsor that are told in the story of their show. *Jump, Jive N' Jam* relates the difficulties of a company of talented actors and singers in opening their musical, *Jump, Jive N' Jam*. Now the script has actually been lived by the cast.

On September 3, 1945 when the first rehearsals were called, the young hopefuls who turned out to hear the script by B. F. "Reb" Spikes and Clarence Muse thought they'd have better luck in getting

on stage than the characters they were to portray. But *Jump, Jive N' Jam* had rough financial sledding both in the script and in reality.

Producer Muse, who wants the musical to remain a Negro production, has been battling against almost insurmountable odds as the most influential members of his race, with one exception, have for one reason or another frowned upon the venture. The one exception is heavyweight champ Joe Louis, who has made a sizeable investment.

He, along with the producers, sees in *Jump, Jive N' Jam* a new trend in theater, giving a cast of "unknowns" a chance to make their bid for fame. The underlying theme of the musical—all men are created equal—is designed to make Hollywood aware of how the Negro hopes to be portrayed on the screen.

Doing business under the name of Backstage, Inc., Muse is negotiating with several Hollywood producers to take up pre-opening options on the two acts and seven scenes of the musical.

A night at the rehearsals reminds one of a three-ring circus. In one room a

chorus sings, in another artisans work on sets and costumes, in another executives huddle, and in another, the ballet dancers loosen up their muscles.

Constantly newcomers are dropping around to get tryouts. It has been a slow buildup and grind to get the cast lined up. When rehearsals started last September, an average of only 12 people per night showed up for the first month. But the producers kept "the lights burning."

Now the big cast works hard nightly. Some have even given up jobs to rehearse daytimes too for the musical that they believe is destined to be a success.

Final happy ending of the show is a stageful of dancing and singing choristers with a big neon sign across the curtain reading "JUMP, JIVE N' JAM OPENS TONIGHT."

The hard-working cast also looks for a happy ending to their battle to get what they think will be a hit before the public. And just as in the musical's script, their happy ending will be a marquee sign on a Hollywood theater reading: "JUMP, JIVE N' JAM OPENS TONIGHT." That day is set sometimes around Easter.

# REACHING FOR STARDOM

**R**HEARSAL PLACE for the cast of *Jump, Five N' Jam* is Music Town in the center of Los Angeles while in the script the characters who are all known by musical terms such as Syncopation, Discord, Downbeat, Operetta, Two-In-A-Bar meet at Rhythm Town.

And, as in the script, most of the cast are youngsters who are taking their first crack at the stage. So convinced are they of ultimate success that they have rehearsed in their spare evenings without remuneration.

Their spirit of camaraderie has made for unselfishness and mutual admiration—if even one of them reaches stardom, they feel their labors will be a success. Typical members of the cast are:

● Dave Anderson, younger brother of Eddie "Rochester" Anderson, who is making his first stage appearance as Syncopation, the leading comic. Zelda Anderson, a sister of Rochester, is also in the musical along with a sprinkling of other relatives of the gravel-voiced radio star.

● Gladys Joyce, who has sung spirituals in Aimee Semple McPhearson's church and on a USO tour through army camps in 15 states. She does the beautiful ballad, *Seven Seas*, in the musical and Muse believes she will be grabbed by Hollywood producers after the show opens.

● Jean Sides, housewife and daughter of Lawrence Ford of the famous dance of Ford, Harris and Jones.

● Ralph Jennings, another ex-serviceman who was a member of the "Singing Soldiers" of the 1873rd Engineers in the South Pacific.

Without finances or equipment, the company is improvising and getting lots of volunteer help to put the show together. Artist Dixie Warren, former vaudeville and circus performer, made papier mache bugs for the "bug number," laboriously drying them before a small open gas heating before painting them.

One of the chorus members, a one-time University of Nebraska engineering student, constructed a trick automobile for one of the sets, which is considered a clever piece of work.

The producers accidentally met two young Russian architectural students at the University of Southern California, Satcha and Natacha, who designed all the sets and costumes, embodying many novel ideas. They designed sets on rollers, as a labor-saving device, and plastic pillars. Their costumes are startling in their effect.

The producers brought in two power machines and their operators to make the costumes and the members of the cast helped them.

Typifying a fine spirit among Negro craftsmen, Bill Kay, ceramics and art graduate, and several other young artists pooled their talents to aid advertising and promotion of the show.

Julia M. Stratton, a former WAC, assistant director and secretary to the producers, solicits financial backing and writes publicity copy.

**SHIRLEY HAVEN, WHO PORTRAYS MISS OPERETTA, BEING FITTED FOR GOWN BY  
← MODISTE MARGARET MAYER.**





**LEADING MAN AND LADY** Sonny Woods and Shirley Haven, just 19, run through some songs from the show. Woods was former vocalist with Louis Armstrong, served two years in the Army. He comes from Pittsburgh, she from Santa Cruz, Calif.

## No 'Hankerchiefs' Or 'Cabins'

**WITHOUT BENEFIT** of the usual "handkerchiefs" and "cabins" that mark most Hollywood productions with a Negro cast, *Jump, Jive N' Jam* is a strange, confused fantasy that includes a scene based on the Potsdam Conference and a number called *Son Of The Masses* which is billed as another *Ballad For Americans*. It tells the hopes of returning soldiers the world over.

First-act climax comes in the "Syncopation" number showing the 49 United Nations all dancing together.

Completely missing throughout are conventional stereotypes of the Negro.

While they are not averse to making money, main purpose of the producers is to show Hollywood that Negro actors can be presented in decent roles and to give a promising outlet for the plentiful talent going to waste on the West Coast for lack of encouragement, training and direction.

Muse, who aside from directing also plays the part of Steve Galli, patterned after his famous stage role in *Svengali*, explains: "In view of the fact that Los Angeles and Hollywood are great artistic centers and have the greatest aggregation of talent in America, they should have their own theatres to enrich the cultural life of the people in the community and give an important outlet to the actors. The requirements of this generation demand a theatre attuned to the day."

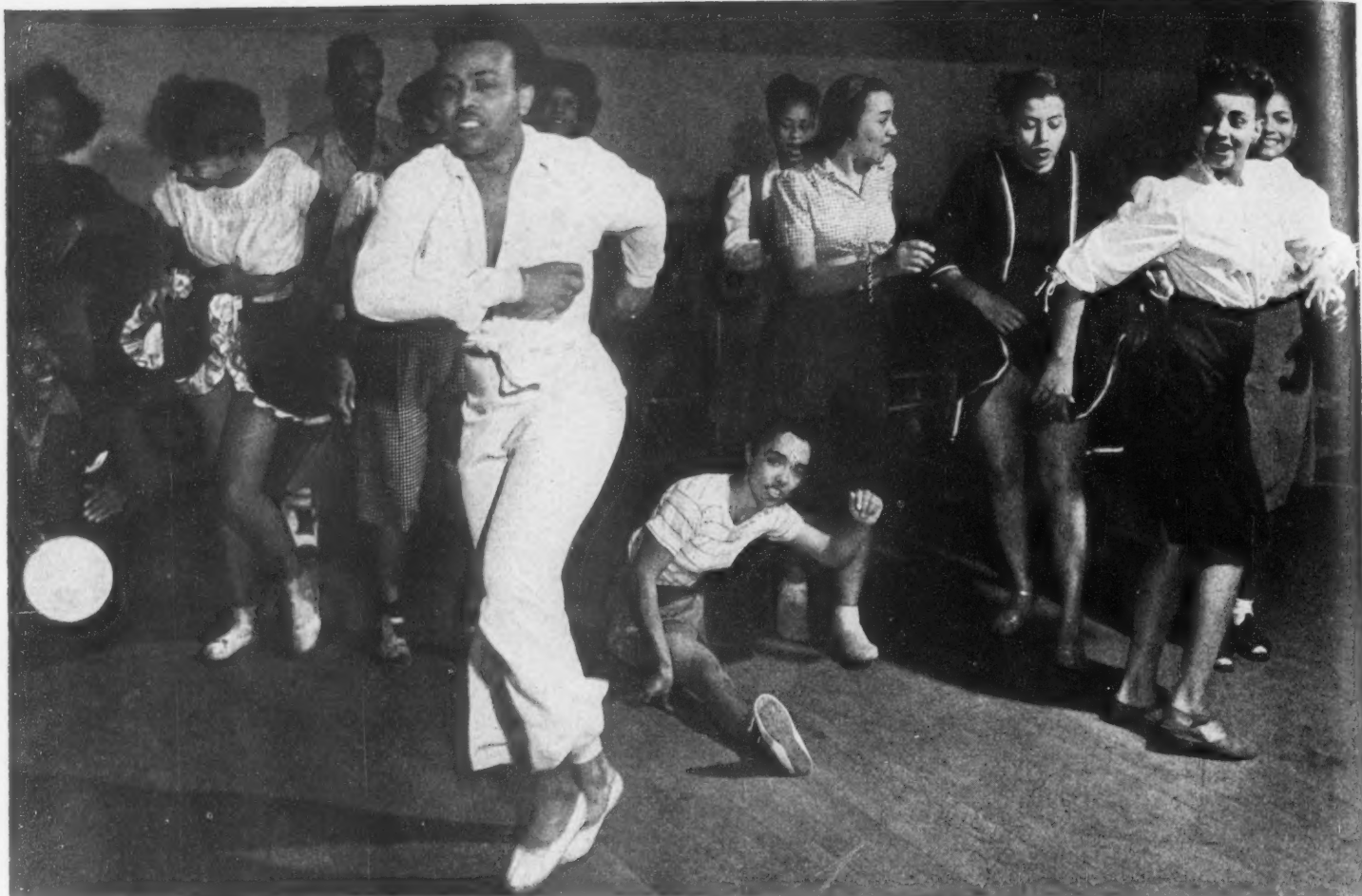
In movie work almost 20 years, the Baltimore-born lawyer appeared in Hollywood's first all-Negro picture, *Hearts In Dixie*. He has also received screen credit for collaborating in writing two films.

The other half of the producing team, "Reb" Spikes, has operated a music store on Central Avenue for many years. He is best known for his *Some Day Sweetheart*, made famous by Sophie Tucker.

"Reb" and his brother John C. Spikes, who collaborated on the music score, were the first Negroes to own a record company in Los Angeles. Together they wrote the music and lyrics for *Steppin' High* four years ago. It was the first musical comedy produced by Negroes on the West Coast.



**COSTUME SKETCH** portraying her character *Fast Time* is examined by Carmen Davis, leading dancer in show.



**DANCERS** in *Jump, Jive N' Jam* limber up for a rehearsal session. Director in white costume is Richard James, formerly with the Katherine Dunham dancers. Leading dance parts are taken by Carmen Davis (right), a Houston-born girl who has been trying to crash the movies while working for the Navy Department, and Claudia Moreno from Cuba, who takes part of a street singer in the scene called "The Girl I Met In Trinidad."



**BIG CHORUS** is directed by Austin McCoy at piano. The 31-year old, Los Angeles-born musical director of the show composed the entire score while he was an Army technician at Fort Huachuca for 30 months. McCoy corresponded with "Reb" Spikes over a period of a year to get Spikes' lyrics and his music together. McCoy has written a number of popular tunes soon to be released on records. His symphonic arrangement of *Shadows of Blue* is the theme song of the show.

# LETTERS AND PICTURES TO THE EDITOR

## THE 'COMMON HERD'

Are you living in a vacuum, or how about some stories and pictures of the "common herd" . . . the Negro unionists and strikers who are fighting for decent existence for all . . . Or . . . The filibuster story. One of the most sensational frame-ups of people's rights which our democracy has ever seen. You are missing something out of life . . .

EMANUEL CHUSID.

Chicago, Ill.

## IN BIRDIE'S DEFENSE

After seeing my picture and your criticisms in your January issue, I, Birdie of the Great Gildersleeve, feel I should defend myself. You have a splendid magazine but whoever gave me the criticism I am sure has never heard the show.

In the five years the show has been on the air, we have received thousands of letters from fans. The first and only criticism of "Birdie" came from your magazine. The writers have never put a word of dialect in the script and are par-



ticularly careful in the dialogue so as not to offend. I am proud of my race and in no way do I mean to make them ashamed. As far as "Madame Queen" is concerned, she has been talked about for years, but the first time the voice of "Madame Queen" was ever heard was three years ago and since then has not been heard for two years.

LILLIAN RANDOLPH.  
Los Angeles, Cal.

As one of the writers of The Great Gildersleeve program, I should like to comment on the article in the January issue of EBONY on Negro artists in radio. It seems to me and my collaborator, John Whedon, that the article raises a number of questions to which no one so far has offered a complete answer.

We are aware of the undesirability and even danger of continuing the stereotype of the Negro as a servant in radio drama and elsewhere. The Gildersleeve program, however, is a picture of middle class life in small town America, and in such a setting, where most of the action is built around a single family and its neighbors, it would be difficult, unfortunately, to include regularly any Negro character except in the role of a servant.

This is not to say that there are not in every small town Negro businessmen, doctors, lawyers, and others who are well known and respected in their communities. But for purposes of drama, and especially of comedy drama, there is no continuing, day-to-day contact between such Negroes and their white neighbors which would plaus-

ibly suggest the regular inclusion of such Negro characters in a serial story.

A single story in the series could have as its hero a Negro doctor, for example, and fall believably within the framework of the series; but the Gildersleeve scripts are seldom constructed around heroes other than the familiar characters who appear regularly. Within this framework, we try to give each of the regular characters an occasional turn at playing the heroic role. Birdie, the servant, has had her turns, along with the others. Furthermore, we have consciously attempted to make Birdie transcend her role of servant in a number of ways. We have avoided the stereotype of the Negro as ignorant, morally irresponsible, and lazy; Birdie is intelligent, responsible, dignified, patriotic, and often better informed than the other members of the household.

For example, in a story built around Election Day in 1944, Birdie was the character who voiced its main theme—the importance of the right to vote. Gildersleeve, later in the story, was about to give up his privilege of voting, on account of bad weather, when he was shamed into action by the sight of Birdie defying the elements to walk down to the polls.

We are willing to concede, however, that these attempts to add dignity to the servant role do not solve the main problem. On the other hand, we do not believe that any progressive purpose would be served by simply abolishing such characters as Birdie, Rochester, and Eddie Green. Our objective should be not to decrease the number of Negro characters in radio drama, but to increase them.

The accomplishment of this aim would appear to call, among other things, for the contribution of Negro writers. The average white writer knows the Negro primarily from observing him in his relations with middle class white people; few white writers know the truer Negro as he reveals himself to fellow Negroes or to fellow white workers. To other Negroes, a Negro character may speak of his real aspirations, his struggles against the stone wall environment of a white world; to a white fellow worker, similarly, who shares at least the daily anxieties of the fight to make a living, the Negro character may speak honestly and openly of the problems of Jim Crow in unions, in housing, in transportation.

Surely the central problem, for the sake of good drama as well as a better world, is to present the Negro truly and honestly as a human being, fighting to make a place for himself in a country that for him is still only half a democracy. It offers a great challenge to Negro writers to create this kind of truthful dramatic material, to Negro actors to create new, authentic Negro roles, and to organized radio to find a place for programs which will tell the real truth about the Negro in America.

SAM MOORE.  
Los Angeles, California.

## EDUCATION THE WAY

My sister, who is a beautician, brought home one of your magazines EBONY from her shop. She casually tossed it on the table. As I was going to bed I looked around for a magazine. I picked up EBONY and went to bed. I read every line from cover to cover. I

mean literally every line. Most Negro publications only arouse race hatred in me. I do not like this feeling as I have met some very nice people in this world, irrespective of race. I believe in people. There are good and bad in every race.

Your magazine gave me a feeling of race pride. I believe it is only through all types of education, including formal, recreational and cultural, that we as a civilization can progress.

EBONY made me feel more strongly than I have ever felt before that education of all people is the answer to real brotherhood. When I finished your magazine, I was strengthened in the belief that democracy can and will live. It is only up to the people to realize it and make it so.

HELEN McMILLAN.  
Providence, R. I.

## PROUD OF EBONY

There could not have been a better name than EBONY for this delightful magazine. It is a great elation to me to know that more and more every day "our people" are awakening to the fact that we are proud to be what EBONY implies—or better still—what EBONY stands for.

MRS. DANIEL THOMPSON.  
North Philadelphia, Pa.

## STORY IDEAS

Since I am making EBONY my favorite "mag," I should like very much to see a "Day Spent With A Star," and let that star be Ella Fitzgerald, the undisputed queen of popular female singers living today. She has long been a very top favorite of mine and I do think that she is worthy of as grand an interview as only EBONY can give, as well as accompanying photos.

EDDIE LAWS.  
Washington, D. C.

I want to go along with all the others. EBONY is all right. I do not miss my copy. It makes me feel good to read it on the busses and subways (the more crowded, the better) and hold it wide open so my travelling companions of other races can see too—and believe me they look and sometimes ask about it. I do not fail to give them the necessary information. I hope you won't mind this suggestion—but Negro Certified Accountant firms (which are so rare as to be practically non-existent but which field is wide open for competent men and women) would probably make good copy.

ANNIE L. DERRICOTTE.  
New York, N. Y.

## BAD SPELLING

I enjoyed reading your article relating the experiences and successes of Paul R. Williams, architect of Los Angeles, California. Such articles as this give encouragement to our youth to follow technical fields such as architecture and engineering.

We here are in a position to give employment to youth who have studied architecture or construction engineering, but find that there is a lack of thorough preparation in the vast majority of instances. You are doing an educational work in showing that it can be done.

In passing I might take the liberty of adding a constructive critic-

ism—your leading caption has the word ARCHITECT misspelled.

DONALD F. WHITE, A.I.A.  
Architect-Engineer.  
Detroit, Michigan.

## CASE OF IDENTITY

Just saw my first copy of your magazine, EBONY, and was I surprised to find my photo featured along with your editorial on our contribution in winning the air war of Europe. That picture was taken while in Italy and I had thought I would never see the finished product, so thanks much.

But now I have a few words to say about your editorial which was fine with the exception of a few parts. Even though I was a member of the 99th, I thought some mention should have been given the other squadrons in the 332nd, as they contributed as much as we toward securing a berth in U. S. Army flying. Secondly, I feel that the airlines are right to a great extent as I myself am not qualified even as co-pilot on any airliner as are so many of us. Being a pilot, I feel there's a vast difference between military and civilian flying. Unless we can secure the necessary



training through existing civilian schools or the airlines, we and thousands of white pilots are out. As for the feeling that white passengers would not fly with us, all I can say is they were mighty glad to fly under us.

Thanks for a great magazine and keep up the good work by showing what we can and are doing and not what the whites should let us do.

LT. NEWMAN C. GOLDEN.  
Tuskegee, Alabama

The sky-gazing flyer on page 45 of your February issue is Flight Officer Newman C. Golden of Cincinnati, Ohio. The combat-rigged gun-chauffeur going into the 99th's parachute tent is Lt. George Iles.

Later, both pilots were forced to bail out over enemy territory, F/O Golden on a bomber escort mission, and Lt. Iles on an armed reconnaissance. Both pilots are back in the States now.

VINCENT WILLIAMS.  
Los Angeles, California.

Your February issue of EBONY was, as usual, very interesting. I haven't missed an issue since this educational, as well as inspirational, magazine started. I wish you continued success. In your February issue, page 43, I noticed a young man in an aviator's suit with "Golden" printed on the front. I am sure it was Newman Golden of Cincinnati.

I wish you had mentioned his name and that he was from Cincinnati. Cincinnati would have been very proud to have known that fact.

MRS. JESSIE TATE.  
Cincinnati, Ohio

EBONY solicits the work of free lance photographers and will pay \$3 for every photo accepted for publication. All photos must be accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelope. EBONY assumes no responsibility for the return of photos.

# CAMPBELL'S COMICS



"POOR BROTHER JONES WOULD HAVE ENJOYED HIS WAKE. COURSE, WITHOUT HIM THERE'S MORE TO DRINK."



"NOTHING CAN COME BETWEEN US! UM, IS THAT CHICKEN IN THE KITCHEN?"

